# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

## AND BULLETIN;

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMU SEMENT.

Bulletin, No. 290. | PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1833. | Vol. XIII.—Whole No. 617.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 12 HUDSON'S ALLEY,
A few doors South of 112 Chesnut street.

TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.

*.* Small notes of Solvent Banks, excepting Banks of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Louisiana, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.


For the Saturday Evening Post.

### THE MUSES' VALE.

Down in a vale of purest green,
Where muses sing and fairies play,
Where lovely groves and flowers were seen,
To deck the lonely traveller's way:

Just as the dawn began to close,
And day was changed for dusky night,
A sylph-like form from chose rose,
Of gentle mien and aspect bright.

With light and airy steps it pass'd,
Beneath a tall and spreading oak,
Where, on a stool, a youth was placed,
To whom the fairy, bowing, spoke.

"Mortal! this consecrated vale,
Where peace and happiness abound,
Where grief is not, or sorrow's wail,
Where budding flowers shed fragrance round:

"This is the muses' resting place,
Here they their votaries bring,
Here bards, who've run an earthly race,
For ever sit and sweetly sing.

"A law is from our eldest muse,
That here no mortal can remain,
Unless a bride that mortal choose,
From one among the nine."

The youth replied, with accent sweet,
"I will within this vale reside,
Will now with joy thy offer greet,
And from the nine will choose a bride."

The fairy moved her slender wand,
And one by one, advancing slow,
Nine lovely forms before him stand,
Of perfect shape and white as snow.

As these nine forms did meet his eye,
The youth stood still, amaz'd—
Each form in beauty seem'd to vie,
And fairer grew the more he gaz'd.

The fairy cried, "'tis time to choose."
He quickly view'd their various charms,
Then hasten'd to the youngest muse,
And clasped her in his glowing arms!

"Be this the object of my choice,
Be this the one," he cried;
Then in a lower, calmer voice,
"Be this my own, my lovely bride!"

The sister muses raise a song,
To celebrate the nuptial feast,
The youthful pair are borne along,
To seek alone a place of rest.

Just as they gained a shady grove,
Where no disturbance could be fear'd,
While talking o'er their holy love,
The sylph-like form again appeared.

"Mortal!" it smiling said,
"Do not thy lovely bride abuse,
The happiest union ever made,
Was 'twixt the mortal and the muse."

It said, and pass'd like air away:
The rising sun in splendor shone,
And since that happy, happy day,
The youth and muse are ever one!

*Ithaca, April 9, 1833.* H. H. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

### LOUISIANA.

The extremely interesting State of Louisiana presents so many striking points of character, that we shall have great difficulty in condensing our subject within our limits, and must necessarily omit some curious particulars, for which we refer our readers to the same authorities heretofore quoted, to whom as heretofore, we must acknowledge our obligations.

This State is in length 240 miles, and in breadth about 210. Under the Spanish government in 1785 the population little exceeded 27,000. In 1820, the number was 163,407, having more than doubled between 1810 and 1820; an extraordinary ratio, but by no means equal to that of some Western States. It possesses a situation, in New Orleans, for a great commercial city, which has few rivals in Geographical position, of which a glance at the map will abundantly testify. Taking the length of all the tributaries of the Mississippi which are navigable, it is within bounds to say, the aggregate would exceed 20,000 miles! the waters of these rivers pass through the most fertile soils, boundless prairies, fertile bottoms, numerous distinct communities and even governments, and through such a variety of climates that the products of every region are wafted to the port. It is in fact as if she had 20,000 miles of navigable canal all centering in her bosom.

Probably no State in the Union has a greater body of first rate land, though much of it is overflowed annually, and sending forth unwholesome miasma. A proper concentrated effort of all the slaves in the State applied to draining and canalling this vast dismal and noxious swamp, would render Louisiana the greatest agricultural district in the world, and also render its commercial city healthy. The time is coming when some great step of this kind will be taken, when the effects produced will equal the magic of the Arabian Nights. The State even with its present advantages is making rapid strides to power, and as we have shown, steady advances in population.

Generally speaking, Louisiana is one immense plain, divided into pine woods, prairies, alluvions, swamps, and hickory and oak lands. A large proportion of the State is without any elevation, even aspiring to be called a hill. The prairies, near the gulf, are low, marshy, and in rainy weather inundated; many of them having a cold clay soil, while others are of inky blackness, and crack in dry weather into fissures of a size to admit a man's arm. The bottoms are rich, particularly those of the Mississippi and Red River, the fertility of which is sufficiently attested by the prodigious growth of the trees, the luxuriance of the cane and cotton, and the strength of vegetation in general. A fig tree and a sumack were measured by Mr. Flint, each of which were larger than a man's body.

The levee, is an embankment of the river, for 40 miles below New Orleans, and 150 miles above; it is from six to eight feet high, and broad enough to form a fine highway. By it the water is prevented from spreading over the extraordinary rich bottom of from one to two miles in width; it is believed that no part of the world can furnish a richer tract. This levee extends something higher on the west than the east side of the river. Here reside some of the richest planters, some of whom have from 5 to 800 acres under cultivation, worked by gangs of slaves. Attakapas district on the coast, is of great fertility and celebrated for its produce of sugar. Approaching Red River from Opelousas, there occurs the richest cotton land in Louisiana. The extraordinary fertility of the bottoms of Red-River are well known, and this section is called the paradise of cotton planters. The soil is red, and impregnated slightly with salt, from which it derives moisture and fertility. Its soil has been accumulating for ages from the spoils of the Mexican Mountains, and the prairies above through which it rolls. In a state of nature it was covered with a dark and heavy forest.

Wheat and rye do not flourish in Louisiana, unless it be in the north-west angle of the State. Barley and oats succeed well; Indian corn is planted in many places, but proves an uncertain crop, being pushed forward by the heat too rapidly to attain firmness—the middle States have a climate much more congenial to maize. Sweet potatoes have been known to attain the weight of nine pounds. This fine root, but of a different species from that we cultivate, is the favourite food of the blacks, and found on all tables. Irish potatoes are more difficult to cultivate, and when taken out of the ground do not keep; nearly all the northern fruits come to perfection, with the exception of apples, while figs grow almost spontaneously, and previous to 1822, oranges along the whole shore of the gulf, were as abundant as apples in Chester county, and laid under the trees as plentifully for the hogs, or to rot. That winter a severe frost destroyed the trees to the roots, from which they have however again shot up, and in some places again promise well. The vine and the olive, will no doubt, be sometime extensively cultivated in Louisiana, and possibly the tea-plant. Rice and tobacco are raised, but cotton and sugar have been found so productive and bring such certain returns, that the attention of the people has been but little awakened to trying experiments. Indigo formerly much cultivated, is now very much abandoned, not only here, but in other States.

Louisiana produces an average annual crop of more than 100,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 5,000,000 gallons of molasses; no cultivation in America yields so rich a harvest as the sugar cane, which is not liable to the diseases either of indigo or cotton. One of the great desideratums on a sugar plantation is to have a good *boiler*; the boiling being the only nice process, the slave who arrives at a knowledge of the business, and is made principal boiler, is a person of as much consideration among his fellows, and as important in his own eyes, as the President, and very commonly takes the same liberty of putting his veto on such *bills* as he dont like. He keeps a good riding horse, very probably sends to our great Philadelphia taylors for his clothes, and except in the boiling season is as lazy and ignorant as a native king of Africa.

Louisiana contains more slaves in proportion to its population than any other state in the West; more than one half being in bondage, and since mild and humane treatment has been substituted, they multiply very rapidly, and the subject is an interesting one to know what will be the *ultimate* result. The great farms sometimes have three or four hundred acres in one enclosure, in which twenty or more ploughs may be seen making their straight furrows a mile in length with surprising regularity, through fields as level as a garden.

The prairie land of Louisiana is of great extent, beauty and fertility; those included under the general name of Attakapas, are the first which occur west of the Mississippi, and the traveller emerging from the forest finds himself in a noble and cheerful plain, and feels the cool and salubrious breezes of the gulf; and before him spread out like a map is an immense tract of beautiful country, containing in 1820, 12,000 inhabitants all subsisting by agriculture. In others, the occupation of the people is that of shepherds, who number their cattle by thousands. These prairies have a gentle and imperceptible slope to the waters of the gulf, and generally terminate in wet marshes, occasionally overflowed, and covered with a rank growth of cane, in which reside multitudes of animals whose habits and customs have been little examined. In some parts of these prairies, there are mounds or islands of timber lands, which look as if planted out by the hand of man in regular order. Beyond the Opelousas prairie little cotton is raised, the people subsisting by raising cattle, horses and sheep all which find a market at New Orleans. Some years since three men of this region, numbered more than 15,000 head of horned cattle, and 2,000 horses and mules. It is the Arcadia of the country, where hospitality and good feelings reign predominant.

New Orleans to be accurately described would fill a good sized newspaper—we can only glance at some of its principal features. It is on the east shore of the Mississippi, in a deep and sinuous bend, 105 miles from the Balize by the meanders of the river, and ninety in a direct line; about 1,000 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, and 1,200 below the mouth of the Missouri. It is about intermediate between Mexico and Boston, though the voyage to Vera Cruz is made in a shorter period. The unrivalled advantages this city possesses in a commercial point of view, are universally acknowledged. Very accessible from the sea, and yet well situated for defence, it has probably twice as much extent of boat navigation above it as any other city on the globe. Viewed from the harbor the panoramic view is extremely beautiful. A crescent of many acres covered with all the grotesque variety of flat boats, and water crafts of the most dissimilar descriptions from the distant points above, lines the upper part of the shore. Steam-boats arriving and rounding to, or sweeping away to their far destination, cast their long stream of waving smoke behind them. Ships, brigs, schooners, and sloops, occupy the wharves, showing a forest of masts. The foreign aspect of the stuccoed houses in the city, the massy buildings of the Fauxbourg St. Mary, the bustle on every side, the yo—heave—yo, all taken at one view in the bright sun, present a splendid spectacle.

The city was formerly built of wood, but is now compactly constructed of brick, stuccoed with yellow or white, and presents the appearance of a French or Spanish town, rather than an American one. The Fauxbourg St. Mary, however, differs little from our other Atlantic cities. The Cathedral is a large building of brick, 90 feet by 120, covered with hollow tiles, and supported by ten columns. It is an imposing fabric; in the niches and recesses are the figures of saints, in appropriate dresses after the fashion of Catholic countries. The walls are so thick, that though situated in the very centre of business, the silence within is truly remarkable. Stepping from the crowd of Levee street, and its rattle of carriages, you find yourself in perfect stillness. The dead sleep beneath your feet; you are in the midst of life, and yet there reigns here a perpetual tranquillity. The Presbyterian church is of brick, and a handsome building; an Episcopal and Mariner's Church, and a new catholic place of worship are the remaining conspicuous religious edifices. The French Theatre externally is by no means handsome, though the interior is ornamental. The American Theatre is in better taste. The prison frowns like a building of the inquisition upon the passer by. A charity hospital, particularly necessary in this city of strangers, has probably sheltered more miserable objects than any other in our country.

The college is well endowed, but not yet eminent for its learning. A convent of Ursuline nuns, receives day scholars and boarders for the rudiments of learning. The Female Orphan Asylum, and one for boys endowed by the benevolent Poydras, and several other respectable charities, prove that the better feelings of our nature are not neglected. A Library for the poorer classes has recently been opened, but very little attention is yet given to literature, New Orleans being a place to "stop in," and make money, to be spent, if life is spared, in more congenial spots. The Northern visiter is at first shocked to see so little observance of the Sabbath; the theatres are open in the evening of that day, many stores make their usual display, and a bull fight in the afternoon was till lately a common pastime, while billiards, and cards were played as usual. The French population, probably yet predominates over the American, and one half of the residents are black or coloured, exhibiting every contrast of manners, complexion, habits and disposition; the French displaying their usual fondness for gayety, balls and spectacles. Much gambling is allowed by law in licenced houses paying a large tax to the corporation. There are often five or six thousand boatmen here from the upper country, and it is by no means uncommon to see fifty vessels advertised for European ports at one time. In the months of February and March no place in the Union exhibits a greater amount of business and activity. Twelve millions of dollars has been estimated as the amount of its annual domestic exports, among the greatest items of which are cotton, sugar, and tobacco.

Notwithstanding its reputation of being unhealthy, this great emporium of the West is increasing very rapidly, and its banking capital is commensurate with the demands of its extended and increasing commerce. Though vessels are departing so frequently for all parts of the world, so great is the quantity of produce constantly arriving, that the market is sometimes glutted with particular articles, and corn, pork, potatoes and flour are sometimes so cheap, as scarcely to pay the cost of bringing them down the river. The census of 1830 gives this city a population of 48,456 inhabitants, which has most probably by this time extended to 50,000. In the business periods ten thousand strangers would be a fair calculation as the number who throng the numerous boarding houses, lodging houses and hotels. The moral effect of a visit, to the young men of the West is not of the most advantageous character. Many a father who entrusted his son with the product of a years labour to vend in New Orleans, has seen him return stripped to his last suit by the sharpers and loose characters, and many have never been able to reclaim them from the seductive haunts of vice which they here are tempted with. But there is little doubt that the habits of the people are gradually undergoing a favourable change, and it is of vast importance to the whole valley of the Mississippi, that this city should be enlightened, moral and religious. On the whole, the morals of the inhabitants who pretend to any degree of self respect, are not behind those of any city in the Union.

Donaldsonville, 90 miles above New Orleans, has a number of respectable houses, and is now the political capital. Baton Rouge is fifty miles higher up, pleasantly situated on a bluff, 30 or 40 feet above high water mark. The United States barracks here are very handsome and commodious. St. Francisville is a large village, on a bluff 160 miles above New Orleans. Madisonville is a small town near lake Ponchartrain; Alexandria, on Red River, 70 miles from the Mississippi is central to the rich cotton planting country of that stream, and its tributaries; it has a bank, and the usual variety of professions of our eastern villages. Vast quantities of cotton are exported from this place. Natchitoches is 80 miles above, and the last town of any size, towards the South Western frontier of the Union. It is the centre of the Spanish trade into the interior of the Mexican States, and the great thoroughfare for travellers. It is at the head of steam-boat navigation, and a growing place, which will probably become some day the largest town of the interior. The houses constructed an hundred years ago, present a fair sample of a Spanish town, and many Spaniards still remain here.

Some attention has been paid to internal improvements, but our limits do not permit our noticing them particularly. The country being level, the roads are generally good. Ample and munificent appropriations have been made to the advancement of common school education, and social libraries are introduced into many of the villages. The Catholic is the predominant religion, but there is probably less public worship than in any other of our States. There is said to be but one Presbyterian church in Louisiana. The Baptists and Methodists are increasing and zealous.

Original.

### THE WIDOW.

*By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.*

Away, and leave me with my dead—
That heart, once virtue's shrine,
Was pledged to me in joy's bright hour—
Away, 'tis mine, 'tis mine.

And will ye force me from mine own,
And take away my dead!
I'll follow where ye lay him down,
And pillow there my head.

I'll watch him through the weary night,
He is mine own, my own—
Ye shall not tear him from my sight,
I cannot dwell alone.

The grave—and will ye place him there,
For ever from my heart?
Away, ye know not grief's despair,
Or how linked spirits part.

From the Casket.

Preparatory Remarks to the

### MORAVIAN INDIANS:

A TALE.

The murder of the Moravian, or Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas, in 1782, was amongst those acts which make a nation blush; but like all other acts of man it has been discolored. The name of Col. David Williamson, who was the nominal commander of the party who were the perpetrators, has been held up to infamy as a monster. This preface, and the Tale which follows, were neither of them written to excuse the deed of horror, nor have I ever heard a single voice raised in its justification, though I was bred from a child to mature years near Washington, Pennsylvania, and of course in the very section of country from whence the actors proceeded.

The Christian Indians were placed in the very most dangerous position that was possible, not, as commonly supposed, on the Muskingum, but Tuscarawas, directly between the warlike tribes and the equally warlike frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and as a natural and inevitable consequence, exposed to the suspicions of both parties.

In the work published in 1819, in Philadelphia, by the A. P. S., and written by Mr. Heckewelder, formerly a Moravian Missionary among the Indians, we are made to believe, as far as the context can influence our opinions, that the Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas, were safe except on the part of the whites. This was far indeed from being the true state in which these people were placed. The Simon Girty mentioned by Mr. Heckewelder, was then a renegado amongst the hostile Mingoes and Shawnees, and in deeds of blood suffered no man to be his superior.

The almost universal opinion on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from about 1778, was, that the chieftain and peaceable Indians or Tuscarawas ought to be removed. The lawless bands on both sides were dreaded, and the considerate and humane part of the whites, an immense majority of the whole, in foreseeing, most anxiously desired to avert a catastrophe.—With many of the actors I was personally acquainted, and must say, that the result of the expedition could never have been premeditated, except by a few if by any single person. The act was loudly, and I may say almost universally condemned in the settlements, not simply from dread of revenge, but from genuine feelings of humanity.

Beside giving a coloring too strong on one side, Mr. Heckewelder has made some material errors in facts and dates. In page sixty-four this author quotes part of a speech made by an Indian, at which he says he was present, April, 1787; and in the next page states that "Eleven months after this speech was delivered, ninety-six of the same Christian Indians, about sixty of them women and children, were murdered, &c." It may be rationally conjectured, that the two last figures ought to be transposed, and make the date 1778; but even then the date of the massacre would fall in March, 1779, whilst it really took place in the summer of 1782. Without troubling the reader with personal detail, I can assert that, though very young, I cannot be mistaken in the latter date.

In page two hundred and eighty, when speaking of the second party sent out the same summer, 1782, but commanded by Crawford and Williamson, Mr. Heckewelder states, after giving some previous movements, they then shaped their course towards the hostile Indian villages, where being, contrary to their expectations, furiously attacked, Williamson and his band *took the advantage of a dark night and ran off, and the whole party escaped* except one Col. Crawford and another, who being taken by the Indians, were carried in triumph to their villages, &c.—This account is exceedingly incorrect. There were several other persons taken with Colonel Crawford and tortured to death. Two very remarkable escapes were made; one by a man of the name of Slover, and the other, Dr. Knight.—The adventures of these two men would figure in romance, with all the interest of truth. Slover was well acquainted with the country, and reached the Ohio on the fifth day. Dr. Knight was about twenty-two or twenty-three days exposed to every hardship and danger.

So far again was the party from escaping with the exceptions given above, to say nothing of others, there were three men out of the near neighborhood where I lived who were never again heard of—of course perished; their names were William Nummons, William Johnson, and William Houston.

These historical facts are given to serve as data to explain the natural causes of a deplorable event. In the Tale my object has been to paint the times, and give the feelings of men as they were then agitated. Those feelings had their play in my presence at an age when impressions are not simply deep, but indelible. I can at this moment, when upwards of fifty years have passed, see the faces of my mother and another woman who came running to where my mother stood, crying—"James Workman is killed! Oh, James Workman is killed!" Mr. Workman was not, however, killed—he returned to his family.

### THE MORAVIAN INDIANS.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast
But ah, what sighs or tears can heal
Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest?
McDiarmid.

"If ever the view of any one picture of human improvement was more than all others, calculated to inspire sentiments of the most sublime enthusiasm, it is that of the "Great West," that immense region around us, and from which issue the thousand and ten thousand fountains, mingling their tribute to form the mighty Mississippi, but to feel the entire beauties of this canvass in their full harmony, they might have been seen as I have seen, when the first outlines of civilization were sketched; and now, when are presented in continual succession, farms, towns and cities, connected by rivers, roads and canals, with all the busy hum of commercial life. They must have been seen whilst the howl of the savage was still heard in the dark wild—when barbarism is replaced by all the allurements of cultivated society. Yes; at the extremes of sixty years have I traversed these banks," said old Kingsley Hale, raising his voice, while his still expressive eye glanced down the tranquil Ohio, and with his hand stretched towards the rising city of Wheeling.

"My young friends, let any one of you imagine himself encamped on this spot alone and with an unbroken forest around him, crouched under a fallen tree with his rifle, his only friend, clasped to his breast. It is night, stillness and darkness reign over the waste. You are fallen into a slumber, from which you are roused by a sound, long and piercing; it comes from beyond that river. Is it the Cougar's scream? no. It is a thousand times more terrible—it is the yell of the Indian. This sound ceases, stillness again reigns; fatigue wraps your senses in sleep, from which the burning rays of a summer sun recall you to waking recollection; you grasp your faithful rifle and rise with caution; you dare not stir a leaf, but what do you see? One wide sweep of cultivation. The forest is broken, fields stretch beyond fields, and of the primeval woods, what remain, serves to form a part only of the enchanting landscape. A city, with all the attributes of wealth and human enjoyment, occupies the foreground. What would be your astonishment at such a change? you could not believe it other than an illusion, for such a change have I seen, and from this very spot. Along this bank I was one of four, the remnant of forty, who escaped the savages. On yonder bank, and under that immense hotel, slumber the dust of my fallen friends."

"Grand-papa," interrupted a lovely girl, "you have put us all into such a melancholy kind of—joy; such a—oh! I don't know what to call it; but you promised us the tale of Schoenbrun."

"My little Ellen," said the old warrior, placing his hand on her head, "the tale of Schoenbrun will indeed give melancholy joy—it will excite regret for the past, and gladness that those days of blood are long gone into years of past time.

"In Europe, my young friends—my children, amongst many other societies of christians, arose one, "the United Brothers." Some of these men came to America, not to bring a sword, but the glad tidings of peace. Their persuasive voice reached into the deepest recesses of these woods of which I have spoken, and entered the hearts of many natives, who embraced, not in name, but reality, the doctrines of Christ. Of these red men and their families, many settled on the Muskingum. The messengers of christianity were Germans, and in memory of their native places, German names were given to three villages, Salem, Gnadenhutten, and Schoenbrun. During the twelve or thirteen years which passed between the 'Old French War,' to the beginning of that of the Revolution, peace reigned over these solitary settlements; they were spots, and pleasing ones, on the beautiful Tuscarawas, where the children of nature learned to lisp the name of Him whose power brought them into existence. They were spots on which the eye of benevolence delighted to dwell, but over which the prophetic eye would have wept tears of bitterness. In many of my hunting excursions (for then we were all hunters), I strayed to the creeks of Tuscarawas; and many is the night my weary limbs found rest at Schoenbrun. But those days of peace were to be succeeded by a storm—a sweeping destruction, the American Revolutionary War. That great period gave a republic to the earth, and humbled the proud oppressor. Such benefits were purchased with blood, and not in every case sustained with blood.

"If a few native Indians planted the olive, the much greater number cherished the laurel, and remained ready to dig up the tomahawk, or hatchet of war. With an improvidence, which has cost our lengthened frontier so much of blood and misery, these warriors were left to our enemy. Every art was used to excite them against us.

"Slow and constant was the stream of white emigration; and with superior arms and other means, every rising young man became a natural enemy to the Indians, and the Indians felt that their inheritance was passing to the white race. Between these warlike bodies stood the three defenceless villages of Gnadenhutten, Schoenbrun and Salem. Threats from the east, at first slight, but yearly becoming more fierce and loud, reached the Moravian Indians on Tuscarawas, in accents of death. The sounds from the west were not less appalling; the Christian Indians stood between two hostile nations, suspected by, and exposed to the vengeance of both—no government to offer an arm to these unprotected and unsuspecting people; and the whirlwind of destruction reached their dwellings. They perished, but not alone.

"Let us return some years and fix our eyes upon the early settlements along the Monongahela. Even before the ill-directed and ill-fated expedition of British and provincials, under Gen. Braddock, some few habitations of whites had begun to appear along our streams; and in one of those rude cabins appeared and smiled Ellen Aylworth. Like a rose in the desert did I see this beauteous flower bloom. At that early time what little of society was to be seen, presented with much of kindness, a stern inflexibility of purpose, and with that tenacity, a promptness of action, which crowded events upon events. As the thunders of the Revolutionary War began to be hoarsely heard beyond our mountains, Ellen rose to womanhood, but with her rose another—Saul Garvin. This young man was light of form and fleet as the deer on the hills. In person and in natural manners, never have I since beheld the equal to Saul Garvin. Ellen Aylworth was life and beauty personified—Garvin personated the times; he was serious but his heart was warm. In other regions and stations Ellen would have shone amongst the gay, the gifted, and the great. They were two whom nature placed together and forced to love, yet their hearts were not alike moulded—they were not destined to tread happily over the rough paths before them.

"It always makes me smile when I hear the pride of wealth named, for never have I seen any rank—for I have seen all ranks—where this spirit was not equally active; and Saul and Ellen felt its malign influence. Saul was under the care of an aged uncle, and was pet and heir.—The wealth he was heir to, would not have been sufficient to fit out one of our modern dandies to pay a visit to the lady of his choice; but it was the most extensive fortune in the woods of Chartier, and no man ever prided himself more on his superior wealth, than did old Hall Kent. With the nephew, the lovely Ellen was worth all the money on the earth, but with his uncle her beauty and innocence was just worth nothing. The opposition of his uncle was only one of Saul's vexations. Another poor young man beside Saul, saw and sought Ellen. If Saul sighed, Tielman Wells laughed, and Ellen, in the gaiety of her young heart, laughed with Tielman, and the poison of jealousy rankled. Saul was deceived and so were the neighbors, and so was the joyful old Hall Kent.

"So went on affairs or some days, and even weeks, and all the folly, passion, and extravagance of the world wasted on Chartier. Tielman Wells owned two horses, a saddle, bridle, watch, two rifles, and had by him ten old Spanish dollars, and had also the full approbation of Kent. Ellen smiled when his name was mentioned, and looked grave at the sound of that of Saul Garvin. Some wise one remarked, 'how wonderful it was that Ellen could choose such a skipping raccoon as Tielman Wells, and reject Saul Garvin.' Such a preference would have been wonderful if made, but though then young, I thought I could see as far into a mountain as any one, and if no one else did, I saw the true state of the case.

"On a snowy winter morning, about ten miles from where the fine city of Pittsburg now stands, with my rifle on my shoulder, I was traversing the Chartier hills in pursuit of game. Amid the loaded branches and falling flakes, I dimly saw the figure of another hunter, crossing the slope of the hill below me, and quickly perceived it was Saul Garvin. Though in the untrodden woods he was slowly bending his steps towards the house of the father of Ellen. He was arrested by 'Saul, hold! You are too late; Ellen is gone to Pitt, with Tielman.'"

"Gone to Pitt with Tielman Wells," replied the young man, as he approached where I was standing.

"Gone! yes," rejoined I, "and do you turn your course and flirt with Jane Sparkle, and Ellen will come to her senses."

"He looked me steadily in the face, and with a visage no man but a hunter or an Indian could ever assume, pronounced as he cordially shook me by the hand, 'Farewell! I have a longer walk to make than to Jonathan Sparkle's.'"

"I was rather puzzled to know whether to laugh or be serious, but the latter mood prevailed, as I was in a moment alone in the forest. The look of Saul fixed on my mind and made an impression I could neither account for, nor for a moment forget. Thus silently impressed (for I communicated the circumstance to no person), two days passed, and on the third morning the dreadful report was spread, that Saul Garvin was missing—and murdered as was supposed.—With all my speed I hasted to the house of the distracted uncle, and revealing the meeting with Saul, led his uncle and a body of armed men to the spot on which we had met. A rapid thaw had laid most part of the hill sides and tops naked. For some miles we found tracks which we supposed to be those of the lost hunter, traced on the snow remaining in deep vallies and the northern slope of the hills, but reaching the Ohio, all further search was useless.

"Twenty-three years the fate of Saul Garvin remained wrapped in mystery, and within the same twenty-three years the grave had closed upon the regret of the heart-broken uncle, and the wasted form of Ellen Aylworth, and had also been marked by the ever to be lamented massacre of the Moravian Indians on Tuscarawas.—Seventeen years had the dust of the victims mingled with their parent earth, when the tardy justice of the United States recalled to their property and homes the remnant of the Christian Delawares. Seventeen years had I never dared to visit the desolate spot, where so often I had met the warmest welcome; but when I learned that the poor surviving wanderers were to return, I determined to meet them. A young man of this neighborhood, of the name of Thomas Car, was appointed to meet the returning Indians with a supply of provisions, and with him I went, and was present when the aged chief and his forlorn band reached the scene of murder. Time had greatly changed us both; he knew me not, nor did I disturb his deep reflecting sorrow by any renewal of our acquaintance—to confess the truth, shame withheld me; as a white man I felt a share of the dreadful wrong, as did the plain uneducated young man beside me, though both were innocent of the deed. We silently followed the aged chief as he led a grandson by the hand, and pointed out where the houses formerly stood. Many of them had been supplied with cellars, at one of which much longer than the others, the old man stopped. It is seldom an Indian man weeps, but I saw the tears fall from his furrowed face into the hollow space. His feelings were for a few minutes that of human nature, but he seemed at some sudden thought to remember he was an Indian Chief, as he turned round and addressing his grandson observed firmly, and in English, 'The grave of your father.'"

"The young man sat down upon the slope of the cellar, drew his blanket over his head and remained silent, though his heaving breast showed strong agitation.

"With more of sorrow than anger, the chief fixed his eyes on me, and in very good English observed, "I hope you were not here at—"

"Not at the time you mean," I solemnly interrupted, "thanks be given to the great spirit who rules over Indian and white."

"You are here now," replied the chief, "therefore I believe your words—seventeen years of reflection must keep him away who was here then."

"Many of them," I replied, "have gone to their judgment seat."

"Some have, I too well know," mournfully rejoined the chief, "and terrible was their departure."

"Were you present?" I rather hastily demanded.

"Not when and where you mean," emphatically replied the chief, "and thanks be to the great spirit that I was not."

We all remained silent for some time, when the chief again adressing me, demanded "Were you ever acquainted with a white man of the name of Saul Garvin?"

"I was, and well, what of him—do you know—"

"Too much," replied the chief—"too much for the white—warriors I will not call them—who dyed this place in blood. Sit down on this bank and you shall hear."

We sat down, and after a long pause the chief resumed: "Twenty-three years have the leaves of these woods been renewed and have again fallen, since hunting on the high hills towards the rising sun, I saw the smoke of a camp. The war-hatchet was then buried, and I approached the fire and by it found a young white man; he met and received me kindly, presented me some venison, and we feasted together. It was evening, and he invited me to share his shelter, and we slept together. In the morning I invited the white man to go home with me, and told him we could reach there when the sun rose so high, and I pointed to the south."

"Of what nation art thou?" demanded he.

"A Delaware, in your language," I replied, "and a Christian."

He looked in my face long and thoughtfully, and then spoke, "You are a christian; I think you do not deceive me—your place of residence, where?"

"Schoenbrun," I replied.

"Do you receive white men into your tribe?"

"Very seldom; they are only bad men who leave the house to live in the wigwam."

"Not so always," said the young white man, quickly, and I was sorry for using the words *bad men*, and taking him by the hand, told him to come with me and we could talk more as we went on our way. He then shouldered his rifle and we set out for Schoenbrun, where, before we arrived, I was told by the young white man that he had been deserted by a young woman he intended to make his wife.

"Was she the only young woman of your tribe?" I asked.

"There were more," he replied, "but none like my——" he did not pronounce her name.—I thought him so far foolish, but told him we had some girls with us who could make moccasins and leggins. His smile was that of an Indian and not of a white man.

"Our white friend remained some days with us, and we were all well pleased with him. Our old friend, whom you call missionary, was also well pleased, and we agreed to receive him."

"As an Indian," said the young man, "and a christian will I live,"—and he fulfilled his promise.

"What name shall we give you?" I asked.

"Peter," he replied, and white Peter was soon after married to one of our young women, and over this grave—for grave it is—stood their house.

"The house of Saul Garvin!" I interrupted.

"The house of Saul Garvin," repeated the chief, "and amongst that earth," pointing to the bottom of the cellar, "lie the bones of Saul Garvin, and that sorrowing young man is his son—but hear me. Peter was soon an Indian in dress, manner, and language, for he learned our tongue and became a chief and a wise one at our council fires. To the few whites who came to our villages, he was distant and reserved; and in his new character remained unknown to all, and particularly to one or two who had as a white man been his intimate acquaintance: 'They are strangers,' said Peter to me, 'I know them no more; they are here for no good.'"

"The snow had melted and was gone; the winds of winter had passed, and the song of the birds was heard amongst the new born leaves and flowers; we were preparing our corn fields, when a swift messenger entered Schoenbrun and told us 'Wingenund is coming.' Though still a warrior, and as you say a Pagan, the face of Wingenund spoke peace, and his words were words of truth, therefore we were glad, and walked joyfully to the council fire. The chief arrived; his face was sad and his greeting slow and mournful. The warriors who came with him, waved their hands in kindness, but from their lips only escaped a few words, which faintly reached our ears. The clouds of fear passed over our hearts as the chief rose; we had never before seen Wingenund as we saw him now.—His dark eye fell upon us as his right hand rose and was stretched to the east."

"Do you see the wolf stealing from those woods to tear the timorous fawn to pieces? His teeth crushes its bones, he drinks its blood and howls over the mangled limbs. You are the fawn—the pale faced warrior, no, the white murderer is crouching to spring upon and destroy you, your wives and little ones. Where are your arms? buried—trampled down so deep, you have not time to dig them up. You sit down, and one ear is deaf, you cannot hear your red friends call to a place of safety—no! but you can hear the white man say, sit still, you are safe. Hear me, children, rise quickly and fly with me. The white man smiles, but see, the sharp knife is under his blanket. Come with me."

"Wingenund sat down, and we all sat still a long time. At last Peter rose. We were all astonished, for Peter was no great talker, but we were pleased, and our ears were open. The young chief spoke thus:"

"Fathers, I am young and ought to hear what older and wiser men have to say, but your mouths are closed and I must speak. The word of our father comes from the great spirit, it is good. I was once a white man, and knew that many white men are good men and brave men, who would not seek the unarmed to shed their blood; but I know there are bad white men, whose ears and hearts are deaf. Those bad men say you are the friends of your red brethren, who have taken up the hatchet with their red-coat white enemies. The voices of the good white men are soft and cannot be heard afar, but the voice of the bad man is loud as the panther's scream.—Hear me, my friends, arise and go with Wingenund." Peter sat down and we were again all silent until Wingenund again rose and spoke.

"To-morrow morning I return to my people."

One of our old men then rose and said, "Such as choose to go with our brother be ready."

"We slowly and sorrowfully sought our houses and families. The wife of Peter was my daughter, her christian name was Anna, and that young man was then lying on his mother's bosom. Their house was over this grave. We entered and sat down. Anna feared, she knew why—wept, and fixed her face on that of her son."

"Anna," said Peter, "you must go with Wingenund." He then told her what I have told you. "And you, Peter, will stay here if any others stay?" Anna was a woman, a mother, a wife, and a christian, but she was an Indian, and would not refuse to do what her husband and father desired her to do, and in tears and silence prepared for her journey.

"In every house was heard the voice of distress. Some whole families concluded to fly from the danger, but too many said, 'What have we done that we should fear the white men beyond the Ohio? To such as have come here we have been kind, and why should we fear? We worship the same great spirit with the whites, and are we not their brothers? We will stay and trust in God.'"

"Morning came, and Wingenund departed with such as were to depart with him; but, as he was departing, he turned round and said to those who remained behind, 'You say you are christians like the whites, why should we fear the white men? I tell you why you should fear many of these pale faces; it is because they are not christians;' and he was soon beyond our sight.—I do not tell you of the parting between those who went with Wingenund and those who stayed on Tuscarawas—I have no words.'" The old man remained silent for some time, when again conquering his feelings he resumed:

"I went with my child and grand-child, and silent and painful was our journey. It was not long that we were left to think upon our own miseries. The friends we left on the Tuscarawas were also not long left to tremble between hope and fear. The storm foretold by Wingenund, burst upon their heads. A body of men under a man of the name of Williamson, rushed upon the defenceless, the unarmed and, as you have been told, unsuspecting people. This band came not as open warriors but still with words of peace upon their lips."

"You are unsafe here," said they to our brothers, and their wives and children, "you must come with us, and stay with us until the war-hatchet is buried."

"We are not afraid?" replied the red men.

"The Shawanees and Mingoes will come and destroy you," repeated the whites, "you must come with us."

"It was useless to resist, and the Indians were preparing to follow their enemies. Night passed, morning came, and they were told to prepare for death. The looks of too many of their savage enemies had forewarned them, and the sentence was expected—they were prepared. In prayers, hymns and tears, their last night was spent, and when the sound of death reached their ears, they bowed their heads, not to their murderers, but to Him whose decrees no man can reach.—They perished, and with them fell Peter, or Saul Garvin. A few young at the last moment, bounded from their captors, and though some fell in the pursuit, some escaped and brought us the dreadful tale.

"One of the men who read death on the white faces in the night, spoke in our language to Peter, and asked him 'why he did not make himself known.' 'Because,' said Peter, 'I know some of those pale faces too well. To make myself known to them would do more harm than good. If they carry us into the settlements I will make myself known, and will do you all the good in my power. You received me when a bad man forced me from my own people. You have treated me kindly. I have lived and will die with you.' He then desired to be left to himself, and was heard to speak no more to men; but his inward voice was turned to the great spirit, and in the morning his blood sunk into this ground, and from it cried to the great spirit for vengeance, and was heard; the messenger of revenge you will soon hear named. Nearly one hundred unarmed human beings were here murdered and their bodies left to moulder amid the ruins of their houses. The panther, when he tastes, is never satisfied with blood. He drinks blood and his thirst burns more and more fiercely. So did your people. The cries of the murdered had scarcely ceased to be heard along this river—the smoke of their houses had scarcely mingled with the clouds, when another party of white men came into our country, under Williamson and Col. Crawford.

"Meeting no resistance in the first instance, these men became bold; they advanced far into our country—approached the Sandusky towns—were met by warriors, defeated and Col. Crawford and many of his men taken and brought bound to our council fires. Those who escaped death in the battle, or captivity, were scattered over the woods, exposed to the rage of the Indian, to hunger and to wild beasts. The bodies of many were made known to the Indian pursuers by the vultures' flight. Some did return to their homes, not to dwell upon the deeds of the brave. But let us leave them who fled and return to those who in bonds had to bear the punishment of the wrongs committed by others, and to writhe in despair at their own madness and folly.

"I was, with my daughter and grand-child in Detroit, when we heard of the murders at this place. Anna clasped her babe to her bosom, and raised her heart to the great spirit—wept—was silent, and was daily wasting away, when the second news reached us, that Col. Crawford and some of his men were in the hands of the warrior Delawares. Anna was a christian, but she was an Indian, and I am an Indian, and will tell the truth. Over the memory of her husband, she was sinking towards the grave—the world of spirits, where she hoped to meet her Peter; but from the moment that the captive Crawford was named, I saw new life in her eye,—health seemed to return to her body, yet, not even her father suspected her purpose. Next morning Anna and her son were gone. I followed, but found her not until her terrible resolve was fulfilled.

"Crawford, before the war-hatchet was dug up and dyed in blood, had been the friend of the Indians, christian and warrior; and when he was brought bound to the Sandusky, the Delaware warriors shook their heads and said, 'We are sorry. This man was once our friend, he has not come into our country as a wolf, but as a man. How glad would we have been had he been killed in battle, or escaped, and we had Williamson in his place.' Thus spoke Wingenund and many more, but other voices were heard breathing revenge. The prisoner was brought before the Delaware warriors, and many looked to the ground, and all were long silent. At last an aged warrior rose, and his words fell like the edge of a heavy and sharp hatchet."

"Where are we? Over the mountains, from the land of our fathers, and why are we here? The whites have driven us from stream to stream. We have often smoked with them the pipe of peace, the white man putting his foot on and pushing deep into the ground the war hatchet, and holding in his hand the speaking book, saying, 'Red men you are blind, but here is the word of the great spirit, which will make you see.' We answered, we have not learned to hear with our eyes. 'Well, we will send you some of our black coats,' replied the white men, 'and they will speak to you from the book.' Well, the black coats came to us and told us, that the great spirit loved peace; that we must not only bury, but burn the war-club and hatchet.

"Well, some of our people loved peace, and believed the words which they were told came from the great spirit. These people broke and buried the war-hatchet, and put the handle into a box and made corn. Their children laughed and played, and their wives sung songs from the speaking book.

"But when the white men dug up the hatchet between themselves, our christian brethren were afraid; but the black coats told them not to be afraid. Some of our old men went to them, and told the Christian Indians, 'We know there are some good white men, but they are few. We know there are bad white men, and they are many; and they rule the good men. There is no faith to be put in their words. They will shake the Indian by the hand and say, 'Brother, friend, my own brother, my own friend,' the next moment his knife is in your heart, and your wigwam is in flames; your wives and little ones lie beside you bleeding. Trust them not—remember I have told you—trust them not.

"The voice of the Indian was not heard by many, and where are they? You are silent.—Praying men, singing women, and laughing children, murdered by such white men as the man we have here. 'He must die,' cried many voices; but the chief continued:

"Hear me—why must he die? It was not him who murdered the praying red men and their families. If we had Williamson and any of the other cowards who committed the murder, they ought to die. We ought to become wiser—"

"The chief was here stopped, and the whole council surprised by the sudden entrance of a young woman with a young child. She stood sometime with the child, and then laying him down in the centre of the room, cast a look of fury on Col. Crawford, and cried, in a voice which made even the oldest warrior tremble, 'My child—his father a white man. His bones lie with the bones of our people. My child, he has no father.' She then rushed from the council house, leaving the child on the ground at the feet of our warriors.

"A silence, only broken by the groans of the prisoner, continued some time, but it was the silence of death; the child at first amused with some object, missed at length his mother, and looking round and not finding her, screamed aloud, and his cries were the cries of death. The voice of mercy was as the voice of the fawn to the cat of the panther. Col. Crawford perished in the flames, and—

"His spirit," after a long pause, continued the chief "has been many years gone to meet the God of red and white men. Peace now reigns over red and white men. We have returned to rebuild our cabins, and again plant our fields.—Our tears are dried, and we can sleep without fear and rise to joy and plenty; our children can sport in safety and our women sing the song of gladness along the Tuscarawas."

*A native Indian of Potosi bargaining with a cloth merchant of Cochabamba.*—The above cut represents an Indian of the district of Potosi in full dress, bargaining with a Chola of Cochabamba, for a piece of cloth. The sketch was made from life by a native of La Paz, and furnished by Mr. Temple, from whose travels in Peru it is copied. The city of La Paz is the great emporium of Peru, through which all merchandise from the Pacific is carried, for distribution among the smaller villages.

### THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

When the morning sun is breaking
In a pure and cloudless sky,
And the sleeping world is waking
With a burst of melody;
Then we leave our humble dwelling,
Put our little bark to sea,
And though angry waves be swelling,
Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

When the storm is madly roaring,
And Death walks upon the wave,
Then we think of friends deploring
Lest we find a watery grave.
Think then of our lowly dwelling,
While the winds pipe drearily,
Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,
Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

But our toils and dangers over,
Then the faggots brightly burn;
Soon the festive board they cover,
And to welcome our return,
See the good wife blandly smiling
With a child on either knee,
And the bowl our cares beguiling,
Then we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

### THE GRAVE.

What solemn and awful feelings fill the mind, when contemplating this resting place of man, the cold, damp, and silent grave. It is a spot of all others where we are best prepared to commune with our feelings, and to be made sensible of the shortness and uncertainty of this probationary state of our existence. The solemnity, may I not say the awful sublimity, of our feelings, when surrounding the grave of some young and promising friend, (perhaps a father's only hope, or a mother's consolation, cut off in the bloom and vigor of youth, at the very period when he promised to become a useful and exemplary member of society), are indescribable by the pen, and can only be conceived by those who have experienced them. To hear the cold, damp clods rumbling upon the coffin, and to see his parents worn down with age and accumulated grief, supported by their friends, leaning over the grave of their only son, and almost ready themselves to sink into the tomb; who, I would ask, can behold such a scene as this, without having his heart touched with the tenderest sympathy, for the individuals who have thus been bereft of their only consolation in this world? I have witnessed scenes of this kind, and they, I think, are well calculated to make deep and lasting impression upon our minds, causing us to place our dependence, not on earthly grandeur, nor earthly favour, but on that power, from whom all those blessings which are constantly showered upon us, flow. The grave, O! what a sound to the unprepared heart—what an hour to the guilty, but to the christian, the thoughts even of the tomb, bring peace to his undying soul.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the act of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the false appearance, is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward address, and unpleasing countenance, boasts of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other furnishes only a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

# FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Night and day Telegraphs in France.*—A project has been laid before the government by a company, (Messrs. Ferrier, and Co.) for improving telegraphic communications to such an extent, that they will be able to transmit intelligence an immense distance at any moment of the night or day. This plan is especially calculated for the conveyance of commercial intelligence. A million of francs will be sufficient, according to the company's calculation, to establish a full complement of telegraphs between Paris and the following places: Havre, Calais, Lille, Marseilles, Bayonne, Bordeaux, and Nantes. The yearly expenses they calculated at 800,000 francs, but the produce per annum would be 2,000,000 francs.

# S. E. Post and Bulletin.

## Saturday, May 25.

HEAVY THUNDER.—During the heavy shower, on Tuesday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, a most violent report of thunder burst forth over the city. The whole atmosphere appeared to have been completely charged with electric fluid, for, at the time of the shock, every person in the open air felt sensible the effect of the electricity tingling through their limbs. The shock took effect in various sections of the city at the same moment. The chimney of Messrs. Lower & Wolf's hardware store, in Third street, near Callowhill street, was partly thrown down, but the fluid passed off without entering the store. A cow, at the corner of Schuylkill Seventh and Callowhill streets, was struck dead, and a chimney in Franklin Place was shattered by the shock.

Nearly all of our inland Pennsylvania exchange papers speak of the destruction of property, occasioned by the late heavy rains. The Centre County Democrat of the 11th inst. says—the Bald Eagle Creek has not been so high for twenty years; and the damage done to fences, grain, &c., along its banks, we learn, is very considerable; several head of cattle, which were grazing in a meadow, some distance down the creek, we have been informed, were swept off and drowned. Spring Creek, which runs through our town, has been as high as ever known.

On Tuesday evening, the 14th instant, Mr. Joseph Oliver, a bellows manufacturer, residing in Pittsburgh, Pa. attended a wedding party at Perrysville, about 7 miles distant from that city, at the house of Mrs. Watts. During the evening he was solicited to play an air on the violin for the company's amusement, and complied. In the act of playing and sharing fully in the enjoyment of the scene, he suddenly sunk upon the floor and instantly expired. His corpse was conveyed to his home, whence it was borne, on Wednesday morning, to the grave, attended by a large concourse of friends, who for society and themselves, mourn the loss of this truly worthy fellow citizen.

Over seven hundred passengers went in the steamboat Ohio, of the People's Line, on Sunday, to Delaware City, for which place she started about 6 o'clock, A. M. in fine style. So unexpected was the rush, that the usual abundance of good things provided for that splendid boat, was insufficient to satisfy the demands of the passengers. But henceforth this will be obviated by additional supplies, equal to the increasing popularity of the Line. She returned in the afternoon with the addition of nearly two hundred passengers through from Baltimore.

CABINET CHANGES.—Late advices from Washington gives strength to the rumours of a number of changes in the Cabinet. Mr. McLane it is said will be transferred to the State Department, in which Washington Irving, Esq. will be placed as chief clerk. Mr. Livingston will be appointed Minister to France, Mr. Stephenson, of Virginia, Minister to England, and Mr. Brent, Consul General to Paris.

"Make money, honestly, if you can—but, at all events, make money," seems to be a rule of the present day; for there is scarcely a section of the country to which we turn where we will not see some people industriously *making money*. In this city, we have just had a new emission of forged $5 notes of the Bank of Baltimore, dated April 10, 1830, No. 4017, letter C, payable to J. Coleman; James Cox, Cashier; Wm. Lorman, President. And at Worcester, a roll of forged $5 bills of the Phenix Bank of Nantucket has just been discovered hidden in the stable of the Washington Hotel. They are of various dates, letter B, payable to T. Jefferson or bearer. Some are signed Jos. Chase, President, F. H. Folger, Cashier; others are signed F. H. Folger, President, and J. C. Brown, Cashier; and others again differently.

The schooner Fredericksburgh, from Matanzas, brings intelligence that General Villa Sora had arrived there with part of a corps of 5,000 men, sent from Mexico, to march into Texas, for the purpose of expelling the American emigrants. Some expectation of a counter revolution, prevailed in consequence of the disaffection of some of Santa Anna's former partisans.

# FOREIGN NEWS.

From the New York Standard.

## FIVE DAYS LATER FROM LONDON.

By the packet ship Sovereign, Capt. Kearney, from Portsmouth the of 12th April, we have received our regular files of London papers to the evening of the 11th, with the latest Portsmouth and Liverpool dates.

The *Times* of the 10th says—"The Irish coercion bill is not to remain a dead letter. On Saturday last a proclamation was issued by the Lord Lieutenant, declaring the county and city of Kilkenny to be 'in such a state of disturbance and insubordination, as to require the application of the provisions of the said act.' It is reported also that another proclamation is to appear in the present week, for prohibiting assemblages of the Volunteers, the Conservatives, and the Trades' Union."

The Ministry are losing popularity, and in the late elections their friends have been generally defeated; their majorities also in the house are steadily diminishing.

We are forcibly struck by the almost unanimous opinion of the London press, that the present Whig Ministry in England has become unpopular. Even the Times and the Courier admit the fact unhesitatingly. Their majorities in the House of Commons have been gradually diminishing as the session advanced, and their supporters have been beaten on the election ground by Tories and Radicals. The city of London has recently returned to the House of Commons a known Tory, Mr. Lyall, and rejected Alderman Venables, a friend of the Grey Administration. In the parish of Marylebone, Sir Samuel Whalley, a Radical, has been elected, and Mr. Murray, a professed friend of Ministers, rejected. At Sunderland and the city of Gloucester, the Ministerial candidates have also been beaten. We cannot but think the result of these elections, and the course now taken by the London journals, and particularly the times,—which always follows the current of public opinion, indicative of an approaching change in the British Cabinet, and if a change should take place, it would probably produce a different system of foreign as well as of internal policy.

There was a very serious political disturbance at Frankfort on the night of the 3d of April, and much bloodshed occurred. The particulars are given below.

The German papers continue to publish accounts from Turkey. All that may be gathered with certainty is that up to the 11th, the Russian squadron was still in the Bosphorus, and no news had been yet received in Constantinople of the arrival of the additional force at Sisopoli. Smyrna, it is now said, has been evacuated by the Egyptians, and the Sultan's authority has been reinstated in that city.

It now appears that Mehemet Ali's principal reason for having rejected the conditions of the treaty brought to him by the Secretary of Admiral Roussin, was, that he had previously signed another treaty with Halil Pacha, the Sultan's Plenipotentiary, far more suitable to his own interests. Mehemed Ali looked upon the treaty signed as being conclusive, and conceived himself perfectly justified in rejecting every other, especially as the treaty signed had not been received at Constantinople on the departure for Alexandria of the French officer, and even the fact of its having been signed was not known there at this period.

An association for the education of young Polish exiles has been formed at Paris, under the auspices of Prince Czartoryski, and contributions to its funds are solicited. There are renewed details of the sufferings of the Poles who remain in their country.

There had been an arrival from Oporto with dates to the 1st, but there was no news.

## FRANCE.

There is nothing important from France. A violent debate had taken place in the Chamber of Deputies, in relation to the journal called La Tribune, which accused one of the members of the Chamber of receiving a monthly stipend from the Government.—M. Peral, one of the members engaged in the discussion, is a Judge of the Royal Court, or at any rate, an eminent member of the Paris bar. The Editor of the Tribune was ordered to appear before the Chamber, and it is not improbable that the maximum of the penalty which it is in the power of the Chamber to inflict, viz. five years' imprisonment, will be applied to him.

The Paris correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, "O. P. Q." in a letter dated 7th April, declares that the patriots, the republicans, the Napoleonists, the mass, are quietly and secretly, but firmly and energe-

# THE MARKETS.

*Carefully corrected for this paper.*

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| WHEAT FLOUR, per bbl fresh from wagons, | | $5 50 |
| RYE do. do. do. | | 3 50 |
| WHEAT, per bushel, | | 1 40 |
| RYE, do. | | 80 |
| CORN, per bushel, | | 65 |
| CLOVER SEED, per bushel, | | none. |
| TIMOTHY SEED, do. | | none. |
| HERD do. do. | | none |
| BARLEY, Good, do. | | 64 |
| FLAXSEED, do. | | 1 65 |
| OATS, from wagons, do. | | 40 |
| WHISKEY, do. per gallon, in hhds. | | 30 |
| Do. do. do. in bbls. | | 31½ |
| COTTON, per lb. | | 11 |
| BUTTER, No. 1, in kegs, per lb. | | 11 |
| EGGS, per dozen, | | 9 |
| SALT, Ground, per bushel, | | 40 |
| do. fine do. | | 50 |
| LARD, per lb. Western, | | 8 |
| TALLOW, do. | | 9½ |
| FRESH BEEF, | | 10 |
| HAMS, Western, per lb. | | 9 |
| BACON, do. do. | | 6 |
| BEESWAX, do. | | 18 |
| LINSEED OIL, do. | | 90 |
| FEATHERS, do. | | 40 |
| COMMON WOOL, washed, | 22 to | 31 |
| HIDES, Rio Grande and La Plata, per lb. | 17 to | 18 |
| LEATHER, SOLE, | 21 to | 25 |
| LUMBER—White Pine boards, per 1000 ft. | $15 to | 20 |
| Yellow Pine, | 13 to | 16 |
| Oak, joists, | 11 to | 12 |
| Hemlock, do. | 6 to | 7 |
| Shingles, | 16 to | 23 |

*Sales of Stocks, at the Philadelphia Stock and Exchange Board.*

| | | | | Par |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| $400 | City, 5 per cent. | 1846 | 111¼ | 100 |
| 1070 | Lehigh 6 per cent. | 1836 | 105¼ | 100 |
| 1000 | do. 5 do. | 1840 | 100¼ | 100 |
| 500 | do. 6 do. | 1839 | 105¼ | 100 |
| 1300 | Ches. & Del. Canal, 6 per ct. | 1837 | 101¼ | 100 |
| 1000 | do. do. loan, | 1840 | 101¼ | 100 |
| 1500 | Pennsylvania, 5 per cent. | 1854 | 112 | 100 |
| 2000 | do. do. | 1841 | 106¼ | 100 |
| 20 | shares Bank of the U. States, | | 114¼ | 100 |
| 79 | do. do. do. | | 114¼ | 100 |
| 33 | do. do. do. | | 113¼ | 100 |
| 260 | do. do. do. | | 114 | 100 |
| 150 | do. Bank of Louisville, | | 12¼ | 10 |
| 54 | do. Girard Bank, | | 60¼ | 50 |
| 218 | do. do. | | 60 | 50 |
| 250 | do. Moyamensing Bank, | | 43¼ | 25 |
| 30 | do. do. do. | | 42 | 25 |
| 49 | do. Farmers and Mechanics Bank, | | 60¼ | 50 |
| 11 | do. do. | | 60¼ | 50 |
| 110 | do. Merch. & Manuf. Bank, Pittsburg, | | 11¼ | 5 |
| 62 | do. Manufacturers & Mechanics Bank, | | 35¼ | 35 |
| 17 | do. Philadelphia Bank, | | 114 | 100 |
| 49 | do. do. | | 113¼ | 100 |
| 10 | do. Mechanics Bank, | | 35¼ | 35 |
| 126 | do. do. | | 35¼ | 35 |
| 2 | do. Bank of Penn Township, | | 55¼ | 400 |
| 10 | do. Schuylkill Bank, | | 33 | 35 |
| 9 | do. Chesapeake and Del. Canal, | | 110 | 200 |
| 20 | do. Delaware Insurance, | | 49¼ | 40 |
| 12 | do. Pennsylvania Life Insurance, | | 38 | 50 |
| 50 | do. Marine Insurance, | | 77 | 60 |
| 100 | do. Schuylkill Navigation, | | 124¼ | 50 |
| 100 | do. do. do. | | 123 | 50 |
| 72 | do. Newcastle Rail Road, | | 41 | 25 |
| 100 | do. Trenton " " | | 25 | 20 |
| 4 | do. Philadelphia Arcade, | | 30 | 108 |
| 20 | do. Camden and Amboy Rail Road, | | 656 | adv. |


ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, May 25, 1833.


We have before us numerous complaints of the irregular receipt and sometimes of the frequent failure of our packages of papers, in various parts of the country. While we adopt every precaution which careful direction and packing can require, it would seem impossible for us to follow the progress of every package, after it is delivered into the Philadelphia Post Office. The bundle for Cape May Court House, N. J., has failed three weeks in succession; that for Pawtucket, R. I., the same number of times; and the package for Milton, Ky., has miscarried even oftener. We hope, if this notice should meet the eye of any Postmaster on these routes, they will second our incessant endeavors to see that our subscribers in the country are regularly and carefully supplied with their papers. We understand that the bags containing all newspapers and periodicals, *except daily papers*, after leaving this city at noon, on Saturday, are suffered to remain the whole of Sunday at Trenton, to wait the regular transportation line on Monday. These bags contain the papers for all our subscribers in the eastern states, who are thus kept a whole day at least, and frequently much longer, out of their papers, in consequence of an arrangement, the justice and utility of which we are at a loss to conjecture. Other publishers in this city, receive complaints like ourselves, which they are unable to remedy. The huge newspaper mail seems to have grown up to a bulk which the present post office capacities are not equal to grapple with, while subscribers are required to pay postage with as much promptness as if the Department performed its duty towards them. We shall, however, keep a vigilant lookout, and apply the proper remedy whenever in our power. We believe gross infractions of the post office laws occur daily, by thus carrying newspapers in slow transportation wagons, while the contractor is bountifully paid for carrying them in the fast mail.

A subscriber at Frankfort, Beaver county, Pa. complains to us that the Postmaster at that place, gets the first reading of his paper; and when it is handed to him, it is so mutilated as to be unfit for use. We wish the postmaster would subscribe himself, and save us the trouble of writing to Washington.

The editor of the Cincinnati Advertiser, in speaking of the fire department of that city, mentions that they have two fire engines made in Philadelphia, which, however, are decidedly inferior in strength and power to those manufactured by mechanics of that place. At a recent trial of the force of the several engines, those from Philadelphia could not discharge water within thirty feet as far as the Cincinnati engines. The editor should have stated to what distance their engines can force water, so that we might know the calibre of their best. Probably those they received from this city are small, and much inferior to those now in use. We believe we can make better fire engines in Philadelphia, than can be made in any other city, and we *know* that our firemen are more expert and active.

A sober and industrious Irishman, about 35 years of age, named Bartholomew Crowley, in the employ of the publisher of this paper, was drowned near Smith's Island on Sunday afternoon. He had gone to the Island, after a hard week's work, for the purpose of bathing, and after being in the water for some time, found himself exhausted, and unable to get back, in consequence of the strength of the current. His cries for assistance brought to his relief a fellow workman, who supported him in the water for some time, but finding his own life also endangered, he was obliged reluctantly to make for the Island alone, which he reached with much difficulty.

Sunday, 19th instant, was the anniversary of the Dark Day, which a number of years ago, spread such consternation throughout New England. The darkness it is said, on that occasion was so great, that a white sheet of paper could not be seen, even at the distance of a few inches only.

We learn that on Tuesday last, a family in the district of Kensington, consisting of a mother and her three daughters, were suddenly seized, soon after dinner, with violent vomiting, which continued for several hours. A physician being called in, the mother and two children were relieved, but the youngest child sunk under the effects of the excitement. It appeared, on investigation, that they had all eaten pot-pie for dinner, which had been cooked some days previous, and had turned sour. The physician ascribed the calamity to this cause.

An old and respectable citizen of Somerset county, named Gillian Lichtenberger, was run over by the mail stage, about three miles from Somerset, on Friday of week before last, and so seriously injured that he died in a day or two after. Mr. L. was walking in the road, ahead of the stage, and was halloed to by the driver, but being partially deaf, the warning was of no avail. An effort was made by the driver to stop his horses, but the stage was going down hill, and it proved unavailing. The old gentleman was 81 years of age, and the progenitor of 12 children, 91 grand children, and 44 great grand children.

A Geological survey of Maryland, has been ordered to be made by the legislature of that state. It is to be prosecuted under the direction of the Governor and Council, who are also authorised to have collected information, with a view to the publication of a complete Geographical and Topographical chart of the State. For these duties John W. Alexander, Esq. civil engineer, Professor Ducatel, of the University of Maryland, and Philip T. Taylor, of Baltimore, have been named.

Rubens's two paintings, the *Temptation of Adam* and the *Expulsion from Paradise*, now under exhibition at the Masonic Hall, in this city, possess much merit, as the work of a skilful artist, and the subjects delineated, none can regard with indifference. If our judgment of paintings be correct, these pictures are fine productions; they are beautiful, delicate, and chaste in conception, and unite in the execution a boldness of relief and power of light and shade, which stamp a high degree of excellence upon the blending of truth and poetry of the artist.

The *Temptation* is the more agreeable picture of the two. The grace and loveliness of Eve is beyond description—she is the soul of poetry—all simplicity and loveliness. She is represented as reclining upon Adam, and placing in his hand—unconsciously to him—the forbidden fruit. The attitude of Adam is lofty and noble, but he looks upon his fair angel with an expression of pure, devoted and unsullied love. In the finish of this picture, there is much delicacy, harmony and beauty.

The *Expulsion* is of a different character. The forbidden fruit has been eaten, and even the elements seem to know the fatality of the act. The sea rolls and rises, the lightning plays around, the tree is riven by a thunder bolt from heaven, and Adam and Eve are prostrate with shame and fear. The tempter, with a horrid face, is represented in the back ground, evidently satisfied with the situation of his victims. These incidents are in good keeping with the whole painting, and the pictorial representation is calculated deeply to impress the mind of the beholder.

We understand that Col. Peter Albright, commander of the 84th Regiment, P. M. which on Monday made a fantastical parade, was on Tuesday arrested by his superior officers of the Division, for permitting unsoldier-like conduct, upon the part of his men while under drill. He was notified that he would be tried for the offence by a Court Martial, shortly to be organized.

Martial law may be against Col. Albright, but we are disposed to believe that the voice of the community will be with him. Our present militia laws, require, it is true, the citizen to parade and drill, but both the letter and spirit of the system, have been constantly violated since its enactment; as no one will pretend to say that our ordinary parades and drills, have been or are strictly in accordance with the statute. They have generally been ridiculous exhibitions, vexatious to the peaceable inhabitant, and productive of great injustice and much evil to society, and it is questionable whether the law altogether is not "more honored in the breach than in the observance."

The present law, moreover, is essentially defective, and its fulfilment to the letter would fail in accomplishing the desired object, laudable as it may be. This fact was entirely apparent to the House of Representatives, at its late session, and the sections requiring public parades of the militia, were repealed by a large vote, there being not one voice raised in favor of their continuance. In the Senate, however, General Rogers, chairman of the Committee on the Militia System, reported against the bill, for which it is difficult to assign any substantial reason, excepting that the General and some of his military contemporaries were partial to military titles, and unwilling to abolish them. Consequently the bill was lost, though all the delegates from the city and county of Philadelphia, labored in its behalf.

We say, therefore, that it can be no offence not to observe a law, the injunctions of which it is impossible to fulfil.

The St. Joh[n] City Gazette, of May 9th, states that on the previous Friday, an inquest was held on the skeleton of an infant, found concealed in the attick story of a house in Nelson street, and a verdict of "*Murder*" was returned. The premises had recently been occupied by a Mrs. Irving, as a boarding house, who with her family had sailed for New York, a few days previous to the discovery of the skeleton.

We have been shown some specimens, of the Penmanship from the pupils of Mr. *John Curran's Writing School*, which do credit to the Teacher, who is well qualified, if we may judge from the elegant pieces of penmanship, ornamental and plain, to teach by *example* as well as by precept.

Appointment by the Governor.—Gen. Michael W. Ash, to be an alderman of the city Philadelphia, in the place of Benjamin S. Bonsall, resigned.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### BOOK OF NATURE.

In the course of next week the first number of this periodical will be issued, containing ten elegant plates of Natural History, one of which will be handsomely colored. The contents of the number will be as follows:—

Plate 1. Ornithology—figures, Crow, Blackbird, Bald Grakle, Dial Grakle, King Bird of Paradise, Greater Bird of Paradise, Golden Bird of Paradise, Tody.

Plate 2. Ornithology—figures, Common Tropic Bird, Red-tailed Tropic Bird, Marbled Grebe, Black-throated Diver, Chinese Diver, Horned Grebe.

Plate 3. Conchology—figures, Paper Nautilus, Nautilus pompilius.

Plate 4. Entomology—figures, five species of Butterflies.

Plate 5. Quadrupeds—figures, Arabian Camel, Bactrian Camel.

Plate 6. Ichthyology—figures, four species of the Old Wife Fish.

Plate 7. Botany—figures, twelve species of the twenty-four classes, as arranged by Linnaeus.

Plate 8. Amphibia—figures, Boa Constrictor, Embroidered Boa, Garden Boa.

Plate 9. Crustacea—figures, four varieties of the Lobster.

Plate 10. Vermes—Magnificent Tubularia.

"Frankenstein, or the Modern Prometheus," is the title of a new novel, just published, by Messrs. Carey Lea & Blanchard. It is from the pen of Mary M. Shelly, the relict of the lamented Shelly, and a lady who wields a powerful pen. The work is distinguished by originality, singular incidents, beautiful and chaste writing. It will add considerably to the reputation of the talented authoress.

Carey & Hart have just published, "Our Island"—comprising Forgery, a tale, and the Lunatic, a tale, a work which possesses, according to the London Monthly Magazine, a variety of incidents and character and much humor. The author states his object, in the publication of these volumes, to be the illustration of some striking defects, in English jurisprudence.

An English translation of "Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnais, duchess of St. Leu, ex-Queen of Holland," has been published by Key & Biddle, of this city. It is comprised in a 12mo. of 250 pages. The work contains many deeply interesting incidents, calculated to excite the feelings, and to call into action the sympathies of the human heart.

Messrs. Key & Biddle, have just published, from the English edition, a new novel, called "Wacousta, or the Prophecy, a tale of the Canadas." It is from the pen of the author of *Ecarte*, a work which obtained much popularity. The prominent scenes in the novel are laid in the Canadas, and a number of the aborigines of our country are introduced as characters. The novel is well written, and will be found highly entertaining.

Zohrab the Hostage.—By the author of Hajji Baba, is the title of a new novel, just published by the Harpers of New York, and for sale by French & Perkins of this city. The author is an accomplished scholar and an able writer, and in sketching illustrations of Persian character, manners and scenery, he has been eminently successful in rendering his pages interesting. The character of the tyrannic Shah, is well maintained throughout, and the abject servility of those around him, depicts society and association, if the intercourse of life in that country, may be so termed, in bold colours. We anticipate that Zohrab will become a popular work.

Cobbett's Cottage Economy, has been republished in New York, in a very neat form. It is designed as a kind of Farmer's Manual, containing observations on the brewing of beer, making of bread, keeping of cows, pigs, bees, poultry, &c. and upon all other matters deemed useful in the family of the working man. It also contains instructions for erecting and using ice houses—and an appendix, under the head of the *Poor Man's Friend*, a very spirited article on the oppressions of the English Poor. The work is for sale in this city by E. C. Mielke, No. 21 Minor street.

The second number of the *Christian Library*, a work published semi-monthly by Messrs. Key & Biddle, was laid on our table this week. It contains a continuation of the *History of the Reformed Religion in France*, by the Rev. Edward Smedley.

It is stated by a writer in a recent number of the Galenian, that new and valuable discoveries of lead ore have been made upon the east bank of the Mississippi river, between the Platte and Grant Rivers, in Iowa county, M. T. The ore is said to be of the best quality, found in large bodies, and over an extensive tract of country. Among the most valuable discoveries, is a horizontal cave, the entrance of which is about 150 feet above the level of the river. It is from two to four feet wide, and from six to nine feet high. From this cave, 400,000 pounds of lead ore have been taken, with little labour; and the operation was still continued. The land is of the best quality, and covered with timber. A town, called Van Buren, (which name has also been given to the mines and cave adjacent,) has been laid out, and that part of the country rapidly increasing in population.

The punishment of lashing the bare back, is still continued in some of the Southern states. In a late number of the Fayetteville N. C. Observer, we notice the trial, at a recent superior court, of several slaves, upon whom lashes were ordered to be inflicted.—Negro Sandy, belonging to Mr. Donald McGilvarey, was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to receive 39 lashes, promptly at the time, and 39 more, on a subsequent Friday. Joel Jones, another negro, convicted of stealing a gold watch, was ordered to receive 39 lashes, and be imprisoned until the court costs were paid. Joshua Wynn, found guilty of forgery, was sentenced to stand one hour in the pillory, and to undergo six month's imprisonment.

Rail-Road to Baltimore.—A plan of the proposed rail road from this city to Baltimore, to commence about six miles from Coatesville, on the Columbia Rail Road, and thence continued by the Oxford Rail Road to Port Deposit, where it will connect with a road now under contract from that place to Baltimore, has just been published in this city. From an examination of the country, it seems that the route has many prominent advantages, which cannot fail to render investments in the stock, profitable. The only division of the route not yet commenced, is that lying between the Columbia Rail-Road and Port Deposit. To commence and finish this a company has been incorporated, and the stock was offered at public sale, on Wednesday last.

"It is said this Rail-road can be made at a very moderate expense, owing to the peculiar adaptation of the ground to the purpose. In the whole distance, about thirty-one miles, there is not a single stream to cross, and but little excavation and embankment will be required in any part of the route. The line throughout, it is believed, can be kept open the whole year through, and as there appears to be a probability that much transportation can be obtained for the road, the project seems likely to prove a lucrative one.

The Arkansas Gazette notices that the Commissioners appointed by the Government for settling difference, making treaties, &c. with the Indians, have succeeded in removing the cause of quarrel between the Cherokees and Creeks, relative to boundaries. It has been arranged to the satisfaction of both parties. An arrangement has also been made with the Creeks for a portion of their lands for the future residence of the Seminoles of Florida, who will form a separate part of the Creek nation. The latter tribe will commence removing next autumn.

A treaty with the Osages, by which this tribe are to remove some one or two hundred miles north west of their present location, to make room for other Indians which the Government designs shall occupy their present lands, is now under consideration. At a late Council of the Nation a majority were disposed to accept the terms proposed by the Commissioners, but as some dissatisfaction was feared from those of the tribe who were not present, it was deemed advisable to defer a final decision until fall. The Commissioners anticipated that they will then be able to make an amicable arrangement which will meet the views of all parties.

Gov. Stokes and Mr. Shermerhorn, two of the Commissioners are about to proceed to the Missouri river, to make treaties with some of the Indians, in that quarter. In September, they will meet Judge Ellsworth, the other Commissioner, at Fort Gibson, and under an escort proceed to hold council with the Pawnees, Camanche, and other roving parties, towards the Rocky Mountains. All the tribes with whom the Commissioners so far have had communication, appear to be desirous of cultivating a good understanding with our government.

A man was arrested in Albany, on Wednesday last, charged with having taken upon himself, without authority, the prerogatives of a watchman. He had been detected in going about the city, dressed and armed as a watchman, and in several instances he had arrested respectable and peaceable citizens whom he refused to release, without a handsome fee. When detected a number of articles of stolen goods were found in his possession. His name is Smith, an old offender.

### THEATRICAL.

The opera of *Fra Diavolo* has been performed at the Chesnut Street Theatre, several evenings this week, with decided success. The piece possesses much interest, and the songs, duets and choruses have great merit. Miss Hughes, Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Reynoldson perform in the play, all vocalists of the first order.

The committee appointed by a town meeting of citizens, to make arrangements for a benefit for the veteran Cooper, have fixed upon Monday, June 11th as the night of performance. It will be given at the Chesnut Street Theatre, and the entertainments will be such as cannot fail to secure a full house. Mr. and Miss Kemble, Mr. Wood, Mr. Scott, Mr. Wemyss, Mr. Murdock, Mr. Hamblin, Miss Vincent, Miss Hughes, Mrs. Duff, and many other eminent performers, have kindly volunteered their services.

The price of tickets is fixed at two dollars each, and no distinction will be made between the boxes and pit. The number of tickets sold will be limited to the number of persons who can conveniently be seated in the house, but individuals who may wish to contribute more than the price of one or more tickets, may subscribe any amount they please, and the funds so raised will be appropriated to the same object. Books for this purpose are now opened at the Merchants' Coffee House and the Athenæum, at which places tickets may also be procured.

### DICKINSON COLLEGE.

Under an arrangement made with the full consent of the present Board of Trustees, of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa., the buildings, land, library, apparatus and other property of that institution, have been transferred to a joint committee of the Baltimore and Philadelphia Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acting in behalf of those bodies. This transfer has been made, from a laudable desire on the part of the Trustees, to place the College again in a flourishing situation, and with a belief and confidence that in the hands of the Methodist Society, it may be made eminently serviceable in promoting the cause of education and literature generally. By the joint committee a new Board of Trustees, consisting of Methodist Ministers, Methodist Laymen, and gentlemen not members of the Society, in equal numbers, has been nominated, who will meet at Carlisle, to organize, on Thursday, the 6th of June. Those appointed on behalf of the Philadelphia Conference are—

| | |
|---|---|
| Rev. Samuel Harvey, | Dr. J. M. Keagy, |
| Rev. Joseph Lybrand, | John Antes, Esq. |
| Rev. Charles Pitman, | Thomas A. Budd, Esq. |
| Rev. Joseph Holdich, | Benj. Matthias, Esq. |
| Dr. M. Anderson, | Samuel Parker, Esq. |
| J. B. Longacre, Esq. | Dr. J. Higgins, |
| Richard Benson, Esq. | —— Hicks, Esq. |
| John Davis, Esq. | Dr. J. Roberts. |

Both committees also joined unanimously in the nomination of the Hon. John McLean, and Bishop Emory, as ex-officio members of the Board.

Arrangements will be immediately made by the new Board, for re-opening the College under the direction of able and experienced professors, and on a basis which will ensure the permanent usefulness of the Institution.

In one of our late English papers, we notice a proclamation of King William, issued in consequence of petitions from his subjects in Jamaica, praying for the expulsion of all Baptist Ministers from the Island. In resolution adopted at a general meeting, they charge the Baptists with having urged their slaves on to violence and rebellion, and with having thrown a firebrand into the Island, calculated to produce "murder, rape and arson." His majesty, however, seems by his proclamation to have a due regard, to the spiritual instruction of his colonial subjects, and instead of granting the prayer of the petitioners, he extends countenance and protection to the Baptist ministers and teachers, and threatens with severe punishment, those who offer to treat them with violence.

### To Readers and Correspondents.

We have before us a number of communications in prose and poetry, which will receive attention, at as early a day as possible, without the formality of a notice.

Erratum.—In the advertisement of *The National Library* last week, for "Beche's American Practice of Medicine," read Beach's, &c.

### RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| *May 17.—Received from* | | *Received from* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| E. V. Learned, jr. | $2 00 | Isaac Price, Esq. | 15 00 |
| Dr. S. D. Handy, | 3 75 | Nathan Rice, Esq. | 3 00 |
| I. M. Smith, | 1 00 | J. P. King, Esq. | 3 00 |
| G. D. King, | 2 00 | Jonathan Nye, Esq. | 3 00 |
| Willis Dixon, | 1 00 | Thos. Hall, Esq. | 3 00 |
| Till. Holliday, Tale & | 3 00 | E. Dean, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Jos. R. Wimberly, | 3 00 | J. Brackenper Ald. B. | 4 44 |
| Jonathan Marston, | 2 00 | postage 37 cents. | |
| R. J. Campbell, Esq. | 5 00 | Alson B. Ester, | 10 00 |
| Jas. Southwick, Esq. | 2 00 | Mary S. Jackson, | 3 00 |
| W. H. Worthington, | 2 00 | R. M. Rosebrough, | 2 50 |
| *May 18.* | | L. S. Webb, | 2 00 |
| William Howell, | 3 00 | *May 21.* | |
| Thomas Morong, | 10 00 | Samuel Heery, | 2 00 |
| Nelson Trawell, | 3 00 | Samuel F. Allen, | 2 00 |
| J. J. Borden, Esq. | 3 00 | M. E. De Witt, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Wm. Orr, Esq. | 8 00 | John Stearns, Esq. | 5 00 |
| E. M. Davis, Esq. | 3 00 | S. Winchester, Esq. | 5 00 |
| Isaac Pearson, Esq. | 5 00 | W. D. Ewing, Esq. | 5 00 |
| Henry Bryan, | 2 00 | W. O'Brient, (nett) | 2 62½ |
| Oliver Hamlin, Esq. | 6 00 | M. A. Chisholm, | 9 00 |
| *May 20.* | | Joshua Russell, Esq. | 5 00 |
| Azor Abell, | 12 00 | *May 23.* | |
| James Stewart, | 2 00 | Albert L. Prindle, | 3 00 |
| Robert Parry, | 2 00 | Jos. M. Hutchinson, | 2 00 |
| E. S. Hascal, Esq. | 5 00 | Emanuel Sampson, | 2 50 |
| J. Beebe, Esq. | 1 00 | Lewis Bosnot, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Sam. Larimore, Esq. | 5 00 | Benj. Webb, Esq. | 6 00 |
| Edw. Stabler, Esq. | 2 00 | Sam. Lecompte, Esq. | 2 00 |
| J. A. Mibane, Esq. | 2 50 | Wm. M'Donald, Esq. | 5 00 |
| Chas. Minor, Esq. | 3 00 | Thos. Woodruff, Esq. | 5 00 |
| J. Nicholson, Esq. | 10 00 | J. Eli Gregg, Esq. | 2 50 |
| Sam. Calvert, Esq. | 6 00 | Thos. M'Carty, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Aaron Watson, Esq. | 3 00 | J. B. Forbett, Esq. | 3 00 |
| Chas. J. Burnett, Esq. | 5 00 | Abm. Scribner, Esq. | 5 00 |

A committee of sixteen members of the Harmony Society, at New Philadelphia, Beaver county, have published in the Westmoreland Argus, a long statement of the causes which led to the late rupture and quarrel in the congregation. They allege, primarily, that their stewards, George and Frederick Rapp, have violated most of their contracts, and pursued, towards their congregation, an open system of dishonesty. They give many specific instances of cunning and fraud, and state that every offer made by them for an honorable adjustment of their disputes, was repulsed with scorn by the Rapps, one of whom—George—kept his house guarded, and forcibly expelled those who went peaceably to demand satisfaction. They allege against the Rapps also the following crimes—breaking the seals of letters, and keeping them totally concealed—executing counterfeit powers of attorney, to draw money in Germany, of *deceased* persons, as though they were yet living—suffering or encouraging false oaths, abusing the sick, lewdness, abusing religion for avaricious purposes, execrations, blasphemies—for compelling people to vote according to their dictation—fraud with respect to taxes, &c., &c. In conclusion they give notice that they intend to bring the Rapps to justice, and they say, in so doing, they will expose a system of iniquity and tyranny, for years practised by the Rapps upon the Harmonites, more disgraceful "than has ever been known in Europe, where despots and princes enslave and abuse their subjects."

Frederick Rapp, in a communication to the editor of the Beaver Argus, under date of 16th inst., declares the recent statements, in relation to himself and his brother George, made by a committee of the Harmonite Society, to be "false and malicious libels." He requests the public to suspend their opinion in regard to the matter contained in those libels, as the whole business is about to undergo a judicial investigation.

### ATROCIOUS AND DIABOLICAL MURDER.

A friend and correspondent residing in Telfair county, Ga. has forwarded to us, under date of 10th inst. the following account of the late murder of a respectable citizen of that county.

In the county of Telfair, Georgia, on the evening of the 29th ult. as Capt. Hugh Cook was returning home from the village of Jacksonville, from which place he lived seven miles, he was met or waylaid, it is thought, by two miscreants, (as the signs of two were plainly seen,) and shot with a short gun, when three miles and a half from the village. Three of the shot entered different parts of his body, and disabled him so that he fell from his horse—his horse was also wounded. He was found the same evening, by one of his negro men, who obtained the assistance of Mr. Leslie, the nearest neighbor, and carried him to the house. He was speechless from the moment he was found, and died at the house of Mr. Leslie, on Wednesday morning following the first of May.

Two individuals, Wm. Parker and Lazarus Williams, were strongly suspected of having committed this shocking and sneaking murder, the former being the father-in-law of Capt. Cook and the latter his (Parker's) overseer. The citizens of Jacksonville and others, immediately procured a warrant for these men, and had them both arrested; and on the 6th of May, they were brought before the proper officers, and examined as to the charges alleged against them. About twenty witnesses were sworn, and their whole evidence tended to confirm the opinion before prevalent, that they were alone guilty. The latter individual, the overseer, has always been considered a lawless vagrant, a fit subject to be hired as an assassin; but Parker, the father-in-law of Capt. Cook, has hitherto made a show of religion, but his deadly malice and confirmed rancour against the unfortunate Capt. Cook, was most clearly and conclusively proven at the examination, by the pastor of his church, who is one of the most respectable clergymen in our country, as well as by several other respectable witnesses. The result was, that, the four persons who composed the court, all entertained the same opinion, and they unanimously agreed to commit the prisoners to Telfair county jail, for further trial at the Superior Court, to be held on the third Monday in October next.

The indignation and rage of every class of citizens of the county, in which the crime was committed, has scarcely ever been equalled in any community. Not a single voice has yet been raised in favor of these men, and conviction rests on the mind of every person that the perpetrators will be seasonably brought to condign punishment. All the evidence elicited at their examination for commitment was taken down by Col. Graham, Attorney in behalf of the state, which will be preserved until their trial, to compare with future evidence—it is now in the hands of one of the Court.

Capt. Cook was universally considered a worthy, peaceable and useful citizen—was a native of Dauphin county, N. C. in which county he was raised, from whence he removed to Georgia ten or twelve years before his death—was very charitable to the poor, and served several years as Sheriff and deputy Sheriff of the county in which he died. He was thirty-five years of age—has left a widow and also an orphan son, not more than two years of age, besides two helpless sisters, who were dependant on him for a home and for support, and who are now left without one near relation.

A two story frame building, situated at the corner of Washington and Cedar street, New York, was destroyed by fire, on Monday afternoon. The lower story was occupied by T. L. Watson & Co. block and pump makers, and the second story as a carpenter's shop. One or two families also resided in the house. Loss estimated at $2400. During the raging of the fire, says the Commercial, we witnessed a providential preservation of one of the firemen. He had the pipe, and was on the ladder, playing in the upper window, when the roof gave way, and a part of a falling forward, struck the fireman from the ladder, when a brother fireman who was below caught hold of him by his dress, and saved him from a fall which would probably have caused his death. The fireman thus saved, nothing daunted by his fall, remounted the ladder and took hold of the pipe.

The Kingston, (U. C.) Spectator of the 23d ult. notices the arrival at that place, on the preceding evening, of the splendid American steam boat United States, Captain Vanderwater, from Ogdensburgh, which place it had left at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 23d. She was crowded with passengers and freight, and appeared to be in excellent order. After a stay of about an hour, she left Kingston, for Sackett's Harbor, Oswego, and the head of the lake, expecting to stop again on her return, on the following Thursday.

Appropriations.—The appropriations made at the last session of Congress, were briefly as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Civil list for 1833 | $2,997,487 90 |
| Military service do. | 4,989,906 40 |
| Pensions do. | [illegible] |
| Naval service do. | 3,840,363 28 |
| Indian Department, treaties, annuities, &c. | 2,346,036 76 |
| Improvements of harbors, rivers, and roads, and surveys, | 1,066,753 80 |
| Public buildings and grounds, penitentiary, &c. | [illegible] |
| Miscellaneous | 733,590 [illegible] |
| Private claims | 33,071 19 |
| Amount of definite appropriations made 2d session of 22d Congress | $16,[illegible] |

Lotteries.—Governor Edwards, of Connecticut, says, in his late message to the Legislature of that State:

"Lotteries have always been attended with evils; but, owing to recent inventions in the mode of conducting and drawing them, these evils have been increased incalculably. As now managed, they present all the evils of the worst species of gambling. What an inconsistency do our enactments present! While every other species of gambling is prohibited under severe penalties, this, the greatest of all, is created and sanctioned by legislative authority. There is no probability that any new lotteries will be granted, and I trust no measures, consistent with a due observance of the public faith will be omitted, to rid the State of this pestilence, which now walketh and wasteth at noon day."

☞ The Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, celebrated for his abilities, his eloquence, and his eccentricities, died yesterday, about noon, of consumption, in the 60th year of his age, at the City Hotel, in this city. He continued sensible until the hour before he died. He was on his way to Europe, intending to sail in the Montezuma; but arrived too late. We learn that he manumitted all his slaves, amounting to more than one hundred, by his will.

Mr. Atkinson,—From my defective manuscript perhaps, there is an error in one of the names mentioned in the Tale of the Moravian Indians.* If the name was one adopted as fictitious, it might pass; but Stover was a real character—his name as printed, appears to have been Stover. This man had been made a prisoner when a boy, by the same tribe who captured him, and had been adopted into one of their families; when, therefore, he was taken and recognized, he was treated as a renegado; but under circumstances bordering on the incredible, when doomed to an excruciating death, he made his escape.

When mentioning the names of those from the neighborhood of Washington, Pennsylvania, who fell in Crawford's campaign, I forgot John Campbell, who was shot through the brain in the brief battle with the Indians. There were also others who perished in the disastrous expedition, whose names never reached my ear.

Mark Bancroft.

* Published in the May number of the Casket, and which may now be found on our first page.

The following paragraph was designed for insertion in our last paper, in connexion with Dr. Zollickoffer's advertisement of *Carriage Wheel Guards*, but was received too late.

Having obtained "*Letters Patent*," I shall prosecute any person, to the full extent of the law, who shall infringe on my *exclusive* right and liberty of making, constructing, using, or vending my apparatus, as I have not as yet authorized any individual so to do, in any shape or form. Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

WILLIAM ZOLLICKOFFER.

### MAYOR'S OFFICE.—May 21.

Larceny.—Watchman Ingraham brought up a prisoner, named Wm. H. Weeks, whom, he stated, he had found rifling the dry goods store at the corner of Sergeant and Tenth streets. The watchman, in passing the corner, between 1 and 2 o'clock, thought that he heard a foot fall upon the stone floor, and placing his ear to the key-hole, distinctly heard the gentleman parading from shelf to shelf, lightening them of their cumbrous burthens and placing them in a situation to be easily transported. When he had finished his collection, the watch proceeded in silence to his box, lit his torch, took a fellow-watch with him, forced the door, and made Mr. Weeks prisoner. He was committed.

Baltimore, May 18.

Very Late from Smyrna.—The fast sailing brig James Ramsay, Capt. Gunby, arrived at this port on Saturday in the remarkably short run of only forty-one days from Smyrna, whence she sailed on the 7th April. Her passage from off Gibralter to this port was made in 22 days. The accounts from Smyrna by this arrival are one month later than before received.

The authority of the Turkish Government,—which, it will be recollected, was for a short time suspended in consequence of the presence of an Egyptian armed force,—was now regularly maintained at Smyrna; and peace between the Porte and the Pacha of Egypt, was confidently looked for, through the intervention of the allied powers.

Races on the Centreville (L. I.) Course.—The New York Gazette, of Tuesday, gives this account of the races on the Centreville Course:

"The first day's trotting purse, 3 mile heats, in harness, was won by Screwdriver in two heats, beating his competitors Cato and Macduff. This was one of the most interesting trots ever seen on the Centreville Course. Time, 1st heat, 8 min. 8 sec.; 2d heat, 8 min. 21 sec.

"Cato was distanced the 1st heat, but the way Screwdriver was pushed to his work from the commencement is without parallel, and although Macduff did not win the premies, he proved himself one of the greatest horses in this country."

### SLAVERY AND ITS INCIDENTS.

Union-Town, (Pa.) May 15.

About a fortnight ago, a Mr. Scott and another gentleman residing at or near Morgantown, Va. came over the Virginia line into the southern part of this county for the purpose of apprehending a negro man whom they claimed as a runaway slave. In the attempt to take him a violent scuffle ensued. The negro being armed with a knife or dirk, defended himself with desperate vigor, and succeeded in making his escape. Scott was seriously wounded in the abdomen, an incision having been made in it, through which his bowels protruded, and a small incision was made in the bowels themselves. Medical assistance was furnished as soon as possible, and the patient removed to New Geneva, where, we understand, his situation not permitting him to be removed by land, he was put on board a canoe and transported to Morgantown.

On Friday last, a family consisting of a mother and five children, who have been living in this place for three or four years, were apprehended under a warrant issued by the Judge of the U. S. District Court for the Western District of this State, and taken into custody of a Special Deputy to Pittsburg. They are claimed as the property of the heirs of J. Paine, who reside in Preston county, Va. The same persons had been previously apprehended by one of the heirs, and having been brought before one of the Associate Justices of this county under a writ of habeas corpus, were ordered to be discharged. Immediately after the second apprehension of the negroes, a suit was commenced by the father of the children, who is admitted to be free, against the executor who instituted this second proceeding, and bail in $4000 demanded.

Not being able to give this security, the executor has been committed to prison, and is now in close confinement.

Since the above was in type, we have learned that the District Judge has decided in favour of the negroes, who consequently have been released.—*Democ.*

On Friday night, the 17th instant, the pocket book of a Mr. Hilson was abstracted from his skirt pocket in the lecture room of the Museum at Albany, by a person whom Mr. H., having just missed it, saw "outward bound" amid the entering crowd. He immediately pursued him, and charged him with the theft, but received a violent blow in the face from the accused, who was now observed by Mr. Seymour, of the Bank, to throw a pocket book from him, which Mr. Hilson recognized as his. The person was then arrested, convicted on Saturday, and sentenced to 60 days imprisonment.


## Pawnbroker's Sale

OF Summer Clothing.—On Monday Morning, May 27th, at 9 o'clock, at the Auction Store, No. 97 Chesnut street, will be sold a large and extensive assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing, Bed Clothing, &c.

Consisting of cloth coats, summer coats, coatees and round-abouts, 100 pair of summer pantaloons, 120 new and second hand vests, [illegible] linen and cotton shirts, 100 ladies dresses, embracing every variety, silks, petticoats, aprons and bibs, shawls, caps, capes and stocks, collars, lace veils, reticules, corsets, stockings and gloves, boots and shoes, mens hats and bonnets, Leghorn hats, shell combs, linen shirt patterns, 25 elegant silk patterns for ladies' dresses, calico dress patterns, vest and pantaloon patterns, childrens clothing, &c., umbrellas, suspenders and parasols.

Bed Clothing consists of elegant patchwork spreads, 10 white counterpanes, linen and cotton sheets, curtains, pillow cases and towels.

N. B. The above sale will commence at 9 o'clock precisely and continue till 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the articles are of good quality, and will be sold without reserve.

may 25—1t. H. THOMAS, Auc.

## Charles H. & John F. White's

*Upholstery and Cabinet Furniture Ware Rooms,*

NOS. 107 and 109 Walnut street, Philadelphia. A very extensive assortment of CABINET FURNITURE and UPHOLSTERY, finish'd in the best and most elegant manner is kept constantly on hand at the above Ware Rooms. The Furniture is manufactured by the most experienced workmen, from choice materials, and after the latest and most approved designs of both Europe and America. The proprietors feel confident from their long experience in the manufacturing of these articles and the facilities always at their command, that they can execute orders with at least equal satisfaction, and with greater speed than any other establishment in the United States.

By a visit to their Rooms, they trust that such an exhibition can be made as will afford an ample guarantee of the ability. Any article in the range of their business, ordered at a distance, will be packed with the greatest care, so as to preclude the possibility of injury occurring by their transportation to the remotest section of the country. may 25—1mo.

*"ENCOURAGE NATIVE TALENT."*

## WRITING,

PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL, taught in an elegant style at No. 42 Chesnut Street, two doors above Second by John Curran, a native of Philadelphia.

Hours of attendance from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. Terms moderate. For further particulars apply at the Academy, No. 42 Chesnut Street.

REFERENCES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hon. George M. Dallas | Roberts Vaux |
| Hon. Joel B. Sutherland | Benjamin Duncan |
| Messrs. Wetherill & Brothers | H. Catherwood |
| Cooper & Doctor. | William R. Thompson, Esq. |

may 25—6t.

## Hart's Vermifuge and Tonic,

EQUAL, and believed to be superior to any Vermifuge heretofore offered to the public, and as a Tonic, it is a very superior article in creating appetite and giving health and strength to the system.

Prepared and sold by JOHN HART, No. 18 South Second St. Philada. may 25—3t.

## JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

A popular Periodical, conducted by an Association of Physicians. Published Monthly, by S. C. Atkinson, Philada.

"Health—the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss."

THE primary object with the conductors of the Journal of Health, is to point out the means of preserving health and preventing disease. [illegible]

TERMS.—The JOURNAL OF HEALTH will appear in numbers of 16 pages each, octavo, about the middle of every month. Price, one dollar and 25 cts. in advance. Subscriptions and communications, post paid, will be thankfully received by the Publisher, and by all agents of the Saturday Evening Post and Casket. [illegible]

## Theatre—Chesnut Street.

Miss Hughes' farewell benefit and last appearance prior to her departure for Europe, on which occasion Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Reynoldson will appear for the last time.

This Evening, May 25th, will be presented for the last time, the new and successful opera of FRA DIAVOLO. Marquis San Carlos, Mr. Sinclair; Lord Goslington, Mr. Reynoldson; Zerlina, Miss Hughes, in which she will sing "Away to the Mountains,"—and "Savourneen Deelish." Previous to which the RENDEZVOUS. On Monday the Tempest—Ariel, Mrs. Austin.


### ALMANACK.

| 1833. MAY. | SUN RISES. | SUN SETS. | HIGH WATER. | MOON'S PHASES. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25 Saturday, | 4 45 | 7 15 | 8 00 | |
| 26 Sunday, | 4 44 | 7 16 | 7 30 | |
| 27 Monday, | 4 44 | 7 16 | 9 40 | |
| 28 Tuesday, | 4 43 | 7 17 | 10 6 | |
| 29 Wednesday, | 4 42 | 7 18 | 11 12 | Full 3 7 43 |
| 30 Thursday, | 4 41 | 7 19 | | Last 11 1 40 |
| 31 Friday, | 4 41 | 7 19 | 0 29 | New 19 8 40 |
| 1 Saturday, | 4 40 | 7 20 | 1 11 | First 26 3 30 |


The Annual Celebration of the Schools attached to the "Diocesan Sunday School Society of Pennsylvania auxiliary to the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union," will be held in St. Paul's Church, this day—Service to commence at half past 3 o'clock, P. M. The lower floor of the church will be exclusively appropriated for the use of the Schools. W. H. ROBINSON, Sec.

Washington Grays.—Parade for inspection (summer uniform) on Monday the 27th inst. at 5 o'clock, P. M. By command of Captain Worrell. J. R. HAURE, 1st Serg.

Notice.—By divine permission, the Rev. Wm. Stockton will preach at the Methodist Protestant church, South Fifth street near Catharine, on Sunday evening next, the 26th inst. at half past 7 o'clock.


### MARRIAGES.

On Thursday, the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. James, Richard Morgan, to Amanda, daughter of Mr. Lambert Keating, all of this city.

On 5th day, 16th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Abington, Newlin Schoolfield, to Sarah T. Mather, both of the above place.

On Saturday morning, the 18th inst. by the Rev'd Albert Barnes, Albert G. Thorp, of Augusta, Geo. to Margaret Lazaw, daughter of the late Cadet Bergasse, of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 16th inst. by the Rev. W. H. Delancy, D. D. Mr. Daniel Smith, to Miss Hannah S. Lewis, daughter of the late Reeve Lewis, Esq. all of this city.

On Wednesday morning, the 15th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Samuel A. Lewis, to Margaret Kollock, both of this city.

By the Rev. Wm. Cooper, 13th inst. Mr. George Work, to Miss Mary Worthy, all of Southwark.

On Thursday, the 16th inst. by Alderman McMichael, Richard W. Earl, of Burlington county, N. J. to Mary D. daughter of Samuel C. Howell, of the same place.

On Tuesday evening, 14th inst. at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, Mr. Zachariah B. Ziegler, Printer, formerly of York, Pa. to Miss Mary Ann Beckenback, both of the Northern Liberties.

On Wednesday the 15th inst. by Thomas M. Rush, Esq. of Spring Garden, Mr. Samuel McCollin, to Miss Ann Jane Wonderly, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst. at St. John's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, Mr. John Barr, to Miss Catharine Jane English, both of this city.

In Frankford, on Wednesday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. George Sheets, Mr. William Whitaker, of Cedar Grove, Oxford township, to Miss Mary Adams, of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, 16th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. William Young, of Blockley township, to Miss Matilda Ruhl, of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Charles W. Gardner, Mr. Charles J. Dorris, of Philadelphia, to Miss Amelia B. Carpenter, of Baltimore.

On Monday evening, the 20th inst. by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Joseph R. Graves, of Reading, Pa. to Miss Margaret P. eldest daughter of the late Gen. Thomas J. Rogers, formerly of Easton, Pa.

At St. Catharines, Upper Canada, on the 24th of April, John D. Munford, Esq. of Richmond, Va. to Miss Elizabeth M. Northrup, only daughter of Commodore Northrup, of the former place.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. John G. Lenoir, to Miss Mary Ann Sits.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Mr. Edward Whelan, to Miss Sarah Purnell, daughter Lemuel Franklin, Esq.

On Tuesday evening, 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Mr. Robert Howell, to Catharine, daughter of Lemuel Franklin, Esq. all of this city.

In Doylestown, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Aaron, Mr. John Chilcote, of Philadelphia co. to Miss Hannah Pickes, of Bucks co.

### DEATHS.

On Monday morning, after a short illness, John Reed, Sen. in the 60th year of his age.

On Monday morning, after a short and severe illness, Mrs. Josephine Swaim, wife of Mr. James Swaim.

On Sunday evening, about 8 o'clock, Captain John Cummins, in the 37th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 17th inst. on board the U. S. ship Franklin, at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, Capt. Joseph C. Hall, of the U. S. Marine Corps.

In New York, on Thursday evening, Louisa C. second daughter of the late William Livingston, Esq. in the 17th year of her age.

In Mifflintown, Pa. Mrs. Kinkead, in the 81st year of her age.

At Sea, from ship Franklin, of New Bedford, Capt. Prince P. Brook, master, of Rochester; William L. B. Hammond, of do. aged 20; Sylvanus Bowles, of do. aged 18; George W. Leonard, of do.; Manuel Paulding, of Fayal, and an Italian boy.—It is supposed the boat in which they were, was carried down by a whale.

On Sunday, after a long and protracted illness, which he bore with christian resignation, Mr. John Allison, grain measurer, in the 60th year of his age.

On Thursday evening, 16th inst. after a short but severe illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Henry A. Chew, in his 21st year.

In Cincinnati, on Friday, the 3d inst. J. M. Lopez, for many years prompter in the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.

Drowned, at Savannah, 9th May, Samuel Thompson, seaman, of brig Frances, a native of London.

On Friday, in the 75th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Ann Belair.

On Thursday evening, 16th inst. Catharine Wetherill, infant daughter of Wm. and Mary Wilson.

At Sunbury, on Saturday, 11th inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M. Catharine Josephine, wife of James A. Gilmer, and daughter of Cornelius and Catharine Comegys, of this city, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. Henry Whitford, aged 25 years.

On Thursday, 16th inst. Mary, daughter of Thomas M. Pettit, aged two years and two months.

Of Scarlet Fever, at their father's residence, White Marsh, Montgomery county, on the 14th inst. Mary T. aged 18 years, and on the 16th inst. Debby Ann, aged 5 years, daughters of Joseph Mather.

In the harbor of Matanzas, on the 25th April last, on his return to his family in this city, Major John Wilson, formerly of Charleston, S. C. and of late, principal Engineer on the Columbia and Philadelphia Rail Road.

At New Orleans, on the 30th ult. William Vandegrift, Esq. Inspector of the U. S. Revenue.

On Wednesday, the 22d inst. after a long and painful illness, Miss Mary Collins, in the 30th year of her age.

On Wednesday afternoon, 22d inst. of a lingering illness, which he bore with christian fortitude, Charles B. Long, in the 25th year of his age.

The deaths in Philadelphia, during the past week, were 84—43 adults and 41 children. 20 under one year of age. 7 were from the almshouse—14 people of color—14 by consumption.

There were 92 deaths in New York last week—of whom 44 were men, 19 women, 13 boys, and 26 girls. 35 died under 5 years of age, and 19 by consumption.

There were 17 deaths in the city of Cincinnati, during the week ending on the 8th inst. of which 7 were by Cholera, viz: John Foster, aged 45, Wm. Cooper, 47; Rebecca Maywood, 51; Polly Stenner, colored woman, 51; Edith Dugan, 31; Daniel Bachelor, 60; Mary Haydon, 25.


## Hay's Liniment.

THE PILES.—The price, $1, is refunded to any person who will use a bottle of Hay's Liniment for the Piles, and return the empty bottle without being cured. These are the positive orders of the proprietor to the Agents, and, of many hundreds sold, not in one instance has it been unsuccessful. [illegible]

may 25—1t. COMSTOCK & Co. 6 North Fifth st.

## FORTUNE'S BOWER,

91 CHESNUT STREET.

IN the Union Canal Lottery, Class No. 9, which drew on the 9th of April, we had the pleasure of selling the capital prize of 20,000 dollars, in a whole ticket, to a gentleman of this city, and as of selling but one ticket and a number of prizes, [illegible]

### New York Consolidated Lottery,

Extra Class No. 15, to be drawn on Wednesday, May 29th, 1833, 66 No. 10 drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | 30,000 | 1 prize of | 5,000 |
| 1 do | 10,000 | 20 do | 1,000 |

Tickets 10 dollars, shares in proportion.

### Union Canal Lottery of Pennsylvania,

Class number 11, for 1833, to be drawn in the city of Philadelphia, on Saturday, the 1st of June, at 4 o'clock, P. M. 66 number lottery, ten drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | 10,000 | 1 prize of | 10,000 |
| 1 do | 10,000 | 1 do | 2,290 |
| 1 do | 10,000 | 10 do | 1,000 |

Tickets 5 dollars, shares in proportion.

### Union Canal Lottery of Pennsylvania.

Class No. 12 for 1833, to be drawn in the city of Philadelphia, on Saturday, 15th June, 1833, at 4 o'clock, P. M. 66 number Lottery, ten drawn ballots.

SCHEME.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 prize of | 20,000 | 1 prize of | 2,500 |
| 1 do | 6,000 | 1 do | 1,500 |
| 1 do | 3,000 | 20 do | 1,000 |
| 1 do | 3,000 | | |

Tickets 5 dollars, shares in proportion.

Drawing of the Union Canal Lottery, 10th Class. [illegible]

Drawing of the Grand Consolidated Lottery, 3d Class. [illegible]

Drawing of the New York Lottery, 14th Class, extra. [illegible]

All orders from the interior of the state, or any part of the Union, will be promptly attended to. C. J. ROBINSON.

may 25. 91 Chesnut st. Stock & Exch. brokers, Phila.

## Single Copies of this Paper

May be obtained every Saturday, at the Publication Office, and of the following persons:—

H. Hedderson's, No. 121 South Third street.
Wm. H. Brown's, 216 Market street.
Joseph Crowley, 266 Market street.
Mrs. Ibonsa, No. 178 South Second street.
David Clark, 110 North Fourth street.
G. W. Mentz, 73 Race street.
R. Brannell, 373 North Second street.

*Post Office.—Arrival and Departure of Mails.* [illegible]

## Next week will be Published ATKINSON'S CASKET, FOR JUNE, 1833.

The Fisherman's Return, fine steel engraving; The Tomb of Talma; Pass in Chaise; Cathedral at Rheims; View of Mauch Chunk; MUSIC—The Orphan's Prayer.

CONTENTS.

[illegible]

Address (post paid) SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, No. 11 [illegible]

may 25—tf 112 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

## Ladies' Imitation Tuscan Bonnets.

CHEAPER than ever, at No. 229 Market street, above 6th, south side.

[illegible]

*Just received from New York.*

[illegible]

The above goods will be sold either wholesale or retail, cheaper than any other store in the city. Call and examine—open in the evening. may 25—3t

## FRIENDS' BOOKS.

GEORGE FOX'S Works, The Quaker, Penn's Works, Friend, or Advocate of Truth, Clarkson's Portraiture, Hicks's Sermons, Wetherell's Journal, Barclay's Apology, Trials of Friends in Philadelphia and Ohio, Journal of Travels among the Indians, Sewel's Works, Penn's Works, Herald of Truth, and a great variety of other FRIENDS' BOOKS at very low prices. For sale by

DAVID CLARK, No. 110 N. Fourth street.
EVAN LEWIS, No. 94 North Fifth street.
S. C. ATKINSON, Sat. Evening Post office.
THOMAS H. JACKSON,

jan 26—tf 472 Pearl St., corner of Rose st. New York.

## The Subscriber

WISHING to employ a young man of moral character, steady habits, handy and industrious, and able to undertake of taking charge of a set of Grist and Saw Mills, has set of tools, and capable of repairing any part of machinery. Good wages will be given—and in a healthy part of the country. Any one wishing to be employed, will address the subscriber by letter. I wish him to come well recommended.

may 25—4t WM. SHIVERS, Sen'r, Rock Mills, Hancock Co. Georgia.

## Bristol Boarding School

*FOR GIRLS.*

IN this Seminary are taught Spelling, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, the Use of the Globes, Book keeping, Plain Needlework, the Elements of Astronomy, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, Botany, History and Composition, together with such other branches as the progress of the children may render expedient.

The price for Boarding and Tuition is twenty-five dollars per quarter of twelve weeks, payable in advance. Washing twenty-five cents per dozen. Class Books are furnished free of expense—other Books and Stationary charged at the customary prices. From the first of the tenth month to the first of the fourth, there is a charge of seventy-five cents per quarter for fuel and candles. Each pupil to furnish her own towels.

Day scholars are instructed in all the above branches, at five dollars per quarter.

To those who wish it, the French language will be taught by an experienced teacher, at an additional charge of six dollars per quarter.

Unremitting attention will be paid to the comfort, convenience and morals of the pupils, who will at all times be under the immediate care of the subscriber, or his assistant, who is fully competent to aid in the various departments of the School.

The pupils all attend Friends' meeting with the family, except those whose parents or guardians request that they may attend elsewhere, and an arrangement is made for that purpose. DAVID LUKENS.

Parents and guardians are respectfully referred to

ANTHONY TAYLOR, JOHN PAXSON, JOSEPH WARNER, WILLIAM LAING, } Bristol.
DR. JOHN MOORE, SAMUEL C. SPACKMAN, JESSE W. NEWPORT, JOHN B. ELLISON, } Philadelphia.

June 25—eo3t THOMAS H. JACKSON, New York.

## SEAL PRESSES

OF a superior quality for Banks and Public Offices, with Screws of all descriptions, for Paper Mills, Tobacconists, Book Binders, and Cider Presses. Also, Screws for Raising Mill Stones, Jack Screws for raising buildings, with an assortment of Standing Presses on hand.

New Fire Proof Doors for Banks and Counting Houses, for sale on reasonable terms. Jack Screws hired to Builders for raising frame buildings. Apply to EVANS & CORSON, School 25th—tf 31 Broad street, Philada.

## Information Wanted.

WHEREAS a certain John Murtagh and Mary Murtagh have been absent from their friends a number of years, and Mary especially has been known to have lived a wandering life, travelling from Philadelphia through Delaware, Chester, Lancaster, and other adjoining counties, but has not been heard from for the last three years; and it having become of much importance to their friends to obtain some knowledge of them, it is earnestly requested, that if any person can give information of either of them, whether dead or alive, it may be of much benefit to the individuals, as well as to the family. A letter to that effect, directed to Samuel M'Clellan, in Upper Darby township, Delaware county, and left at the Haverford post office, will be thankfully received.

may 25—6t SAMUEL M'CLELLAN.

## Dr. Godman's Rambles of a Naturalist.

WALDIE'S SELECT CIRCULATING LIBRARY of this week, contains Dr. Godman's celebrated "Rambles of a Naturalist," now first collected, and a brief Memoir of the author by Dr. Drake of Cincinnati.

Also, Reminiscences of a Voyage to India, by a Physician of Philadelphia, describing the minute animals of the ocean, the molluscæ, medusæ, phosphorescence of the ocean, false shoals, &c.

This number also contains a Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. John Leyden, by Sir Walter Scott.

Subjects treated in the Rambles of a Naturalist.—Pleasures of wandering in pursuit of subjects for contemplation, the cray fish or fresh water lobster, his habits and dwelling, the Salamander, the Tiguns, spiders, the shrew mole, water witches, or apple smellers, fresh water shells, the muskrat, field mice, jumping mice, field crickets, birds, author's residence in Maryland, fishing, spawn of the sun fish, guarded by the parent, crabs, their natural history and habits, soft crabs, crab[illegible], West India crustaceæ, forests of pine, their tenants, insects, woodpeckers, storms, &c. curious particulars and anecdotes of the crow, night excursions to their roosts, &c.

Next week, Waldie's a new novel, being the third volume of the Library of Romance edited by Leitch Ritchie. The work commenced very recently in London at $1 50, will be supplied to the readers of the Circulating Library, for about two cents.

The Select Circulating Library is published once a week, and punctually delivered to subscribers in town and country, for $5 per annum.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 6 North Eighth street, by ADAM WALDIE.

may 25—1t

## Tour through France & Italy.

GREENBANK'S PERIODICAL LIBRARY of the ensuing week will conclude the History of Peter the Great, and commence Hazlitt's Tour through France and Italy.—Contents of the Tour: Rules for travelling abroad, Brighton, Crossing the Channel, Dieppe, Remarks on the French common people, Normandy, Appearance of the country, Rouen, The Cathedral there, Road to Paris, A mistake, Evreux, A Young Frenchman, A visit at National Portraits, Louvre, The Different Passengers, Lord Byron and Mr. Moore, The Louvre, Gravity of the French, Their behaviour at the theatre, [illegible] Versailles, Dialogue on the public, [illegible] Modern French Pictures, The Luxembourg Gallery, National Antiquities, Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, Mademoiselle Mars, The Theatre Français, Moliere's Misanthrope and Tartuffe, French Actors, Talma, Mademoiselle Georges, [illegible] Garden of the Tuileries, Champ de Mars, Jardin des Plantes, Reflections, Sculpture, Nuns on the Pigeon Marbles, The French Opera, [illegible] Italian Opera, Allusion to Brunetto, Leaves Paris for Italy, Adventures on the Road, Fontainebleau, Girl at the Inn, [illegible] A French Diligence, Meeting Fo[illegible], The Bourbonnois, Descent into Tarrare, Manners of French Servants, French Translation of Tom Jones, St. Martin's [illegible] Savoy, &c. may 25—1t

## Pocket Map.

A NEW and beautiful edition of the *Pocket Map of the city of New York* is just published by Mr. Wm. Hooker, in addition to a correct description of the streets, rivers, roads, &c. &c. the Map contains a notice of the location of all the principal public buildings, churches, &c. It is highly recommended to strangers and residents, and will be found of material convenience. It is for sale, wholesale and retail, at the Book Store, Circulating Library, and Office of the Casket, S. E. Post, No. 8c No. 472 Pearl street, corner of Rose street, New York, by

THOS. H. JACKSON, Agent.

N. B. An error of the compositor occurred in relation to the above advertisement last week, which we now correct. may 25—3 Editor.

## Galloons.

A FEW thousand pieces of Paris trade chain silk galloons, just received and for sale, very cheap for cash, at the south east corner of Fifth and Spruce streets. Also super black and colored English silk galloons, shoe bobbins, super 6-4 black mantua ribbon, &c. L. H. WIGGINS.

may 11—tf

## Wanted

A FEW good Stockmakers, to whom constant employment will be given. Apply at N. Fourth st. april 6—tf

## To Cash Purchasers.

SILKS, LACES, RIBBONS, GLOVES, &c.

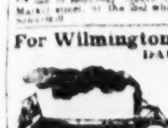
THE subscriber having commenced Business since the reduction of the duties, is enabled to offer inducements to those who purchase for cash, or acceptances. JOHN BUZBY. may 4 2[illegible] No. 173 Market st. one door above 5th.

## *Schuylkill Coal.*

SUPERIOR quality of Schuylkill Coal for sale, for family use or shipping. Apply to John W. Downing, No. 45 Market street, or at the coal wharf above Spruce street on the Schuylkill. march 9—6mof

## For Wilmington & Philadelphia,

DAILY.


The Steamboat Wilmington, capt. Henry Read, leaves Wilmington for Philadelphia, at 7 o'clock, A. M. and returning, leaves Arch street wharf, Philadelphia, at two o'clock, P. M. Fare 25 cents. [illegible] Breakfast and Dinner provided on board [illegible]

Rouse thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity!
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

*From Fraser's Magazine.*

THE PROPHECY OF PLENTY FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXXXIII.

Listen, good reader! I sing unto thee
The Plenty we'll have in the year thirty-three!
ENGLAND IN 1833.
Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse;
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all on one side.
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold;
Plenty of Poverty, great lack of gold!
Plenty of promise and nothing in hand,
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land;
Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves,
Plenty of Atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad;
Plenty of calculus-cutting adrift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift;
Plenty of newspapers spreading the same,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.

Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedents taught;
Plenty of Quixotry—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humming, that cannot last long,
Plenty of lawgivers, "tatter'd and torn,"
Plenty of delegates letter'd and sworn;
Plenty of Noblemen swamping the peers,
Plenty Conservatives all by the ears;
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats;
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away;
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing.

Plenty of meddling without a pretence,
Plenty of war that is all for "offence;"
Plenty of mitres that tottering sit,
Plenty of churches with notice to quit.
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats undermining the Throne;
Plenty to-day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a republic to-morrow.

*Counsellor Dunning.*—Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honour." "Was he well looked?" "Not very; much like your honour." "Did he squint?" "A little; but not so much as your honour."

A wag stepped into a cellar in South Market street, Albany, and inquired the price of Oranges. "One cent a piece wholesale, and sixpence retail." "Then, if you please, (at the same time throwing a cent upon the counter) I'll take that fine plump fellow at wholesale."

*General Washington's Motion.*—In 1817, in a debate in the house of Delegates, on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer L. related and applied an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the New Congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. Gen. Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any one time, with more than *three thousand troops*.

Judge Cooper.—The man, who is one of the ringleaders of the Nullification party in South Carolina, is an Englishman by birth, was formerly a resident of Pennsylvania, and was engaged in the whiskey insurrection of this State. He is now President of Columbia College. A Columbia, S.C. correspondent of one of the Boston papers, gives the following description of him; and we may add from our personal knowledge of the Judge, that he is about the most unseemly lump of flesh we wished to look upon; his head round and bald like a pumpkin, and his face about as expressive as a midsummer oyster; talents he doubtless has, but he must be an exception to the general rules of physiognomy.

"He is just the oddest sight that ever was; an accurate description of him would be a burlesque on humanity; short legs, stooping, hump back, slovenly dressed, and wearing an old white fur hat. He rides a small, bobtail, pacing horse, and when they are under weigh it seems as if the devil was making off with his last load."—*Paul Pry.*

Razors.—The term razor, as applied to the instrument which we shave with, is supposed to be derived from the word rase, to cut or pull down, to leave nothing standing. Razors are mentioned by Homer.—Before English manufacturers excelled in cutlery, razors were imported from Palermo in Italy, or rather Sicily.

Average Duration of Life.—Nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life, where the maxim is applied to an individual; yet there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of a multitude of individuals. The number of deaths happening amongst persons of our own acquaintance is frequently very different in different years; and it is not an uncommon event that this number shall be double, treble, or even many times larger in one year than in the next succeeding. If we consider larger societies of individuals, as the inhabitants of a village or small town, the number of deaths is more uniform; and in still larger bodies, as among the inhabitants of a kingdom, the uniformity is such, that the excess of deaths in any year above the average number, seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole. In the two periods, each of fifteen years, beginning at 1780, the number of deaths occurring in England and Wales in any year did not fall short of, or exceed, the average number one-thirteenth part of the whole; nor did the number dying in any year differ from the number of those dying in the next by a tenth part.—*Babbage on the Assurance of Lives.*

Heraldry.—A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

Coffee is the seed contained in a berry, the produce of a moderate sized tree called Coffea Arabica, and which has also been named Jasminum Arabicum.—This tree grows erect, with a single stem, to the height of from eight to twelve feet, and has long, undivided, slender branches bending downwards; these are furnished with evergreen, and opposite leaves, not unlike those of the bay tree. The blossoms are white, sitting on short foot-stalks, and resembling the flower of the jasmine. The fruit which succeeds is a red berry, resembling a cherry, and having a pale, insipid and somewhat glutinous pulp, enclosing two hard oval seeds, each about the size of an ordinary pea.

Management of Children in the East.—It is amazing how easy the parents in warm climates find it to manage their offspring. From the time they are born they seem to care little about them, bearing them with them through all weathers and in all occupations. They throw them indifferently on the grass, if they are working in the field; and if travelling, they pack them in a basket, and swing them from one end of a bamboo, to balance a bundle of cooking-pots hanging from the other, which they carry over their shoulders. It is curious to see the babes of a few months old, bearing all these early vicissitudes with as much philosophy and apathy as, in after-life, they do the more serious sufferings that "flesh is heir to." They are transmitted Stoicism from the cradle.—*Skinner's Excursion in India.*

Jaw Breakers.—A late number of the Globe contains an *Indian* treaty, signed by a number of celebrated warriors and chiefs, bearing the following truly savage denominations: Sau-sau-man-nee-kaw, or he who walks naked; Khay-rahtshoan-sep-kaw, or Black Hawk; Hee-tsah-wau-sap-skaw-skaw, or White War Eagle, Ho-kaw-sap, jr.; Tsah-shee-rah-wau-kaw, or he who takes the leg of a deer in his mouth; Wau-kaun-tsah-hay-roo-kaw, or roaring thunder, Four legs Nephew.

*The Effects of no Government.*—Colonel Barre, the celebrated friend of the rights of America in the British Parliament, in travelling through this country, some years previous to the revolution, paid a visit to the Governor of Connecticut, of whom he made inquiries respecting the constitution of the country. His Excellency informed him that, literally speaking, there was no government whatever; that as to his power, he was a mere cipher; that the legislature met only to wrangle and do nothing; in a word it is a mere anarchy and confusion, whenever any active step was to be taken; and that, upon the whole, the people generally governed themselves, every man doing as he pleased. The conversation changed; and the colonel spoke of the face of the country; the improvements every where visible; and the universal appearance of plenty and happiness in the fields, dwellings, and clothing of the people. The governor assented, and said he believed there was hardly a country in the world that excelled it in all these particulars. Such, said the colonel, were the effects of the no government he had just expatiated upon.

Attachment of Animals.—There were two Hanoverian horses, which assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

[illegible] Jonathan, was travelling through the western country, endeavoring to dispose of his notions, and happened to put up at a tavern kept by a worthy Dutchman, with whom, as is usually the case, the neighboring farmers generally spent their evenings.—There happened at the time to be an unusual number of them assembled together, and their conversation naturally turned to their occupations, the principal topic being fat cattle, hogs, sheep, &c.; and at length began guessing at their weight.—Jonathan being of a social turn, and not relishing a subject which he was unable to engage in, determined to put a stop to their guessing, and adopted the following method. He thrust his lanthorn visage over the shoulder of an honest yeoman, saying he guessed he could tell a story about father's sheep, which could beat theirs all hollow. They all turned a listening ear to the story. After giving his chair a hitch or two, to come within the ring around the fire, he commenced by saying his father had one of the largest sheep he ever saw; he put him in a yard and fed him one month on hay, in which time he eat up a whole ton; he then put him in a stable and fed him a month on oats, and the tarnal critter eat twenty bushels; in two weeks more he fed him on eight bushels, injun meal, and the day before Thanksgiving he killed him—and (stretching himself upright) how much do you guess he weighed? From the enormous quantity eaten by the sheep, and the length of time kept, each supposed him to be an enormous sheep; the guess went round, each one guessing a large weight; still Jonathan said nothing. At length one of them encouraged by the pleasure, twinkling in the Yankee's eye, ventured to ask him how much he did weigh; when raising his seven foot figure, and lengthening out his long visage, he answered, "Well, I'll be darned if I know."

Singular Ornaments among the Indians.—Their females have a singular mode of ornamenting themselves. They bore a hole through the upper lip, as low down towards the chin as possible, and stick several long thongs in the aperture, with the points projecting outwards. Observing that several of the tribe had decorated their lips with common pins, I gave one of the squaws a few that I happened to have in my possession. She immediately called to her a girl of about twelve years old, (apparently her daughter) who had not, as yet been distinguished by this ornament, pierced her lip with equal indifference and dexterity, with a sharp instrument made of an alligator's tooth and placed the pins in the orifice. The poor girl bore this operation with great patience, and appeared to be perfectly consoled by the possession of her new acquired ornament for the pain it must have given her.

Chinese Dandyism, &c.—Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate and monotonous, cannot include either fops or [illegible]. They are, however, mistaken, few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks, his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height—the knee-caps elegantly embroidered, his cap and button of the newest cut, his pipes elegant and high priced, his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien, an English gold watch, a tooth-pick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls, a fan from Nankin, scented with shulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silk, and his sedan-chair, &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many air as the most perfect dandies in Europe, or America besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; but some through avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirts and under-garments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habit of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate.

Women in China are not even taught to read and write; needle-work and music (if it deserve the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time, they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.

Men and women of the better classes never mix in society—it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals.

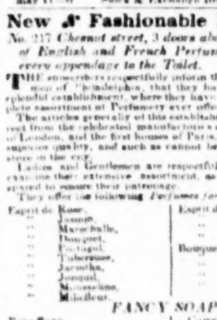
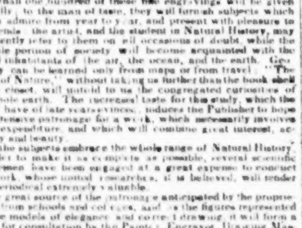
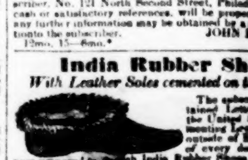
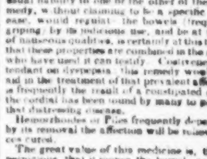
*Secret of living always easy.*—An Italian bishop having struggled through great difficulties without complaining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal functions, without ever betraying the least impatience, an intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he conceived it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could tell him the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret, and will do it very readily. It consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain. "Most willingly," said the bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind the space I shall shortly occupy in it; I then look abroad into the world and observe what multitudes there are who in all respects have more cause to be unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine or complain."

Dr. Parr.—Every anecdote, however trifling, respecting this giant in literature, must be interesting. It is well known that the learned Grecian smoked tobacco, and that every day, whether at home or abroad, he indulges in this, his favorite weed. When Dr. P. had the honor of dining at Carlton Palace, his Majesty was so condescending as to give him a smoking room, and the company of Col. ——, in order that he might suffer no inconvenience. "I don't like to be smoked myself," said the royal wit, "but I am anxious that your pipe should not be put out."—One day Dr. Parr was to dine at the house of Mr. ——, who informed his lady of the circumstance, and of the doctor's passion for a pipe. The lady was much mortified and inflamed by this intimation, and with some warmth she said, "I tell you what, Mr. ——, I don't care a fig for Mr. P.'s Greek; he shan't smoke here." "My dear," replied the husband, "he must smoke; he is allowed to do so every where." "Excuse me, Mr. ——, he shall not smoke here; leave it to me, my dear, I'll manage it." The doctor came; a splendid dinner ensued; the Grecian was very brilliant. After dinner the doctor called for "pipes." "Pipes!" screamed the lady, "pipes, for what purpose?"—"Why, to smoke, madam!" "Oh my dear doctor, I can't have pipes here; you'll spoil my place; my curtains will smell of tobacco for a week."—"Not smoke, exclaimed the astonished and offended Grecian, "why madam, I have smoked in better houses." "Perhaps so sir," replied the lady with dignity; and she added with firmness, "I shall be most happy, doctor, to show you the rites of hospitality; but you cannot be allowed to smoke."—"Then," said Dr. Parr, looking at her ample person, "then, madam I must say, madam,"—"Sir, sir, are you going to be rude?" "must say madam," he continued, "*that you are the greatest tobacco stopper in all England.*"—*London Paper.*

A French Quack Dentist.—His equipage was not an uncommon one in France for this class of artists. He drove into the middle of the press in a handsome open carriage, with a servant in livery behind, alternately blowing a trumpet, beating a drum, and exclaiming, "Room for the celebrated doctor!" The horse was then dismissed, the carriage converted at once into a stage shop, and the great man commenced his harangue. He expatiated on the grandeur and importance of the art of tooth drawing—on his own unrivalled skill, renowned through out all Europe—on the infatuation of those unhappy beings who delayed even for a single instant to take advantage of an opportunity thus offered them by Providence. He flourished his iron instrument in the air, comparing it to the rod of Aaron; he likened the listeners themselves to a crowd of infidels of old, gathering about an apostle, and struggling sinfully, not only against his word, but in spite of their own teeth. "Alas! my friends," said he, "when I shall have turned my back, you will repent in dust and ashes; but repentance will then be too late. You fancy you have not the toothache! Poor creatures! my bosom bleeds for you! In your culpable ignorance you imagine that pain is the disease, where it is only one of the symptoms; and yet I see by the faces of many of you—I may say of the most of you—that you have not only the tooth-ache, but the symptomatic twinge. This is the case with you, and you, and more than you. Tell me, am I not correct? Only think of your gum! Do you not feel a sensation of tickling, as it were at the root of your teeth, or of coldness at the top, as if the air was already penetrating through the breaches of time or disease? This is the tooth-ache. This sensation will increase, till it ends in torture and despair. Then you will enquire for the doctor, but the doctor will not hear: then you will entrust the operation to some miserable quack, who will break your jaws in pieces; or, if you endure in silence, the pain will produce fever—fever will bring on madness, and madness terminate in death!" His eloquence was irresistible: in ten minutes every soul of us had the tooth-ache.—*From Leith Ritchie's "Wanderings by the Loire."*

A True Joe Miller.—In the time of Joe Miller, there was an old deaf player of the name of Cross, who, being very vain, took every pains to conceal his infirmity. Joe, walking along Fleet street with a friend, saw Cross on the opposite side, and told his acquaintance he should see some fine sport. So, beckoning Cross with his finger, he opened his mouth wide, and began to assume the attitude and gestures of one who bawls very loud to a distant object. Cross, thinking that Miller had hallooed to him, and taking that as too broad a signification of his infirmity, came puffing across the street as hard as he could, and "What the devil," cried he to Joe, "do you make such a noise for? do you think one cannot hear?"

*Severe Retort.*—Soon after Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company, that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

Dr. South begins a sermon on this text, 'The wages of sin is death,' as follows: "Poor wages indeed, that a man can't live by."

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